SEPTEMBER 25, 1987

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
MEMO TO THE PRESIDENT

NATIONAL REVIEW

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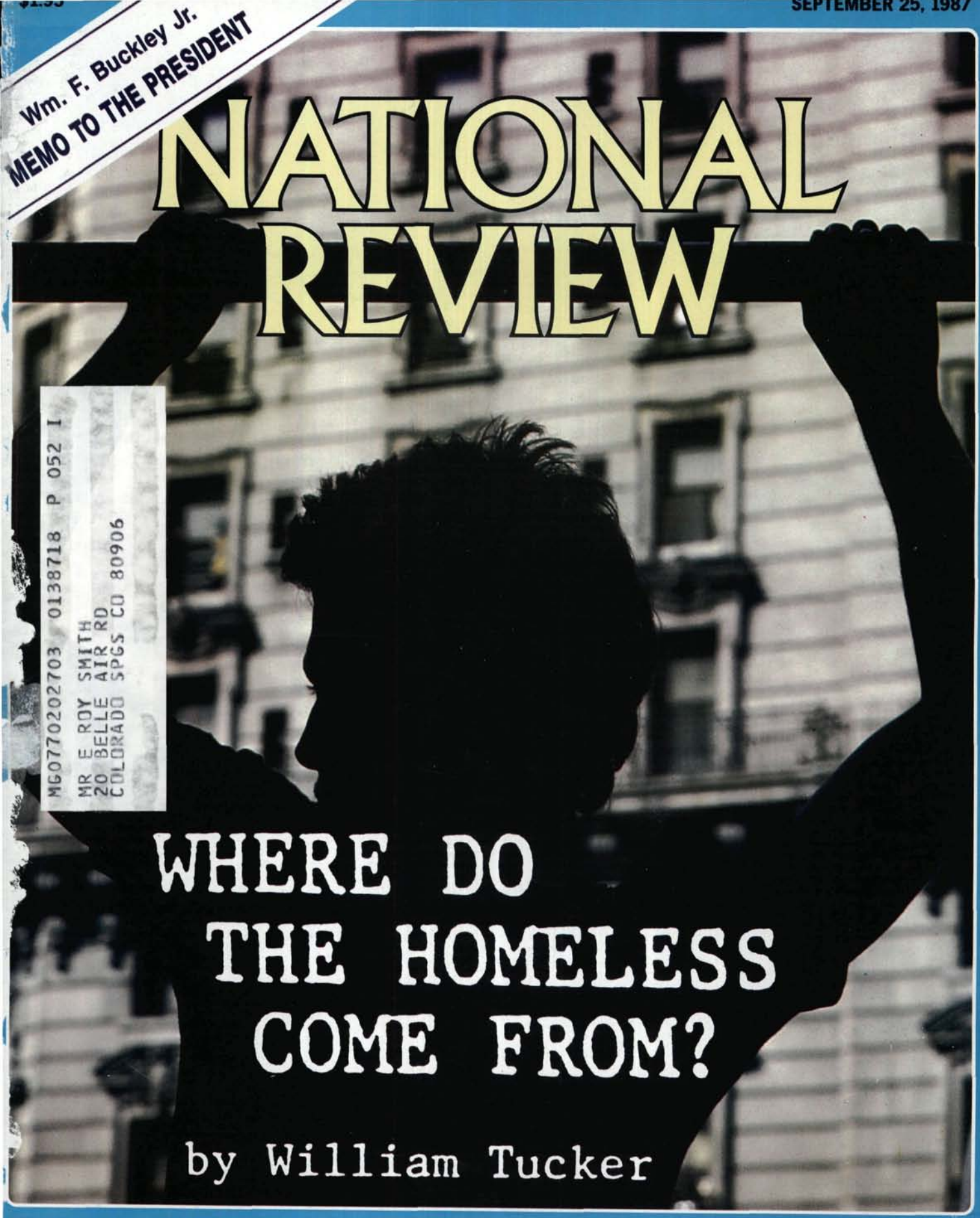

WHERE DO THE HOMELESS COME FROM?

by William Tucker

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How Right Is Bradley? — Richard Brookhiser

• *A PRIMER FOR TYRANTS BY SAMUEL T. FRANCIS* •

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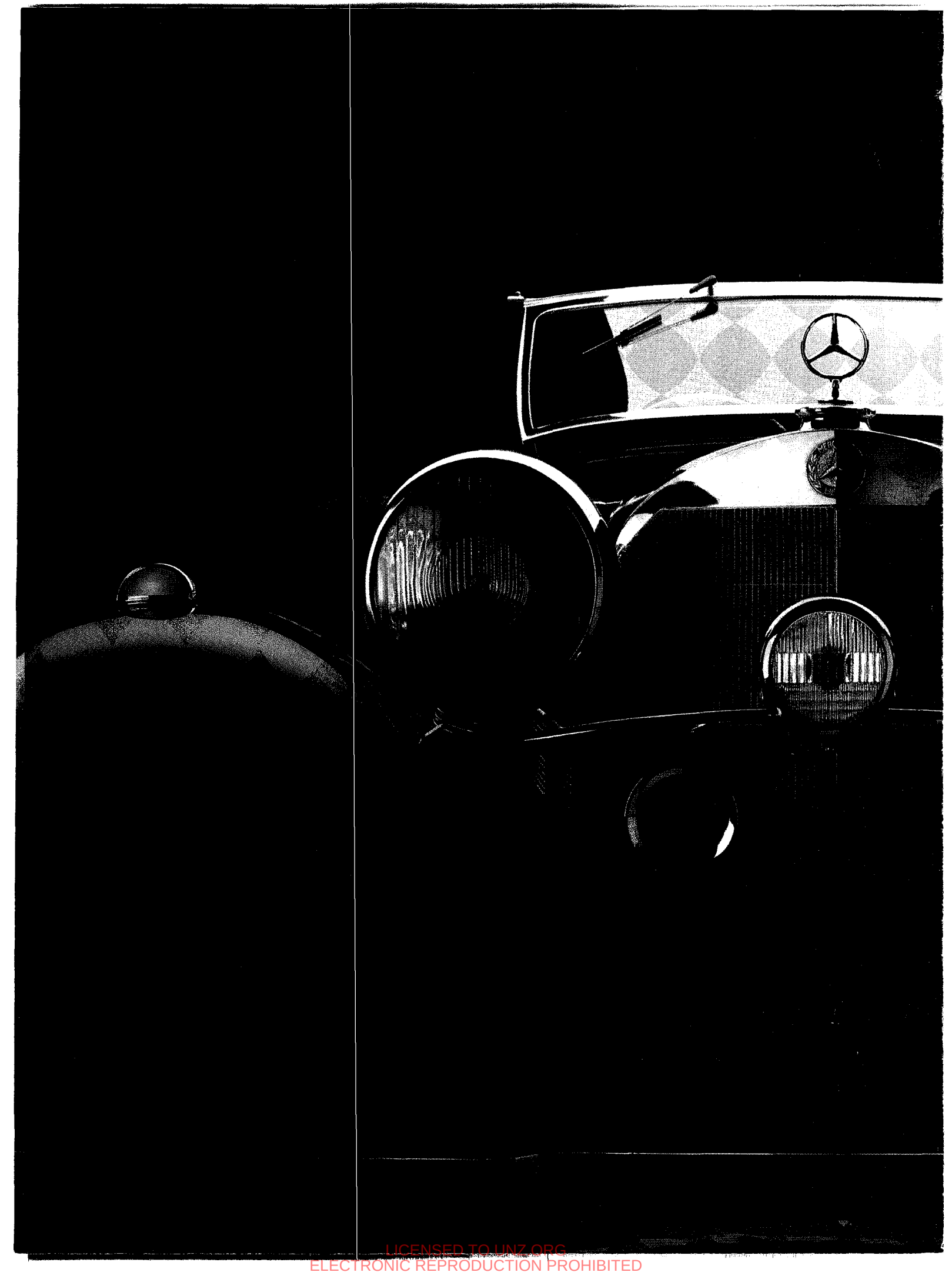

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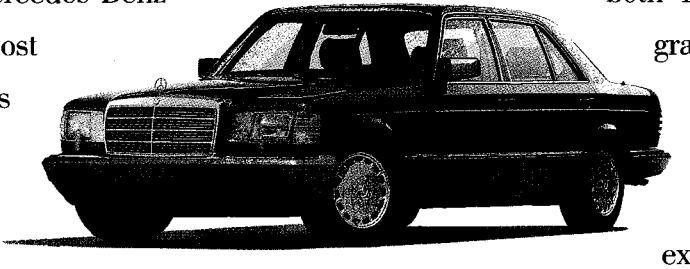
THE MERCEDES-BENZ S-CLASS: THE ONE THING MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE TECHNOLOGY INSIDE IT IS THE TRADITION BEHIND IT.

A "big Mercedes" has crowned the line for almost as long as there has been a Mercedes-Benz.

This is Mercedes-Benz engineering at its most ambitious. And at its most assertive. From the 540K of 1936 pictured at left, to the S-Class sedan of 1987 shown above, every big Mercedes and its performance has seemed to scale slightly larger than life.



The 540K, for example, thundered into legend on the power of a supercharged eight-cylinder engine and the flamboyance of low-slung roadster coachwork. Half a century of technological progress later, the S-Class seems to glide rather than thunder over the road; in the case of the flagship 560SEL Sedan on the roads of its native Europe, two tons of S-Class authority, capable of gliding along at 142 mph all day.

The Mercedes-Benz impulse to engineering masterstrokes marks the S-Class in other ways as well. In a body design that brilliantly combines large dimensions and low aerodynamic drag. In handling agility that large sedans have seldom aspired to, much less achieved. In vital technological innovations—an Anti-lock Braking System (ABS); and a Supplemental Restraint System (SRS) with driver's-side air bag and knee bolster, and emergency tensioning retractors at both front seat belts—that are gradually being emulated by other large sedans.

And laid over this bedrock of technical excellence, a thick layer of civilization and creature comfort. Experienced within a spacious cabin redolent of fine leathers, plush with velour carpeting, garnished with precious handworked woods.

Part limousine, part performance car—the uncommon versatility of the S-Class is reflected in its selection not only by connoisseurs of automotive luxury, but also by most of today's top-ranked Grand Prix motor racing fraternity.

The S-Class is available in three distinctive sedan models and as a two-plus-two closed coupe. You will find nothing to compare with them, in form or in function, wherever you look in the automotive world. They are unique, as is the tradition that spawned them.

Engineered like no other car in the world

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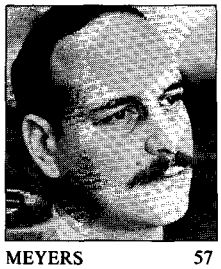
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THE FOUR MOST COMMON MYTHS ABOUT JUNK BONDS.

In recent months, you've probably heard a lot about high yield or "junk" bonds. The question is, how much of what you hear can you really believe?

With so much rumor, half-truth, misconception, and pure fiction circulating these days, we thought it might help to look at the four most common myths about high yield bonds–and the facts that can put them to rest.

MYTH #1: THEY ARE A VERY RISKY INVESTMENT.

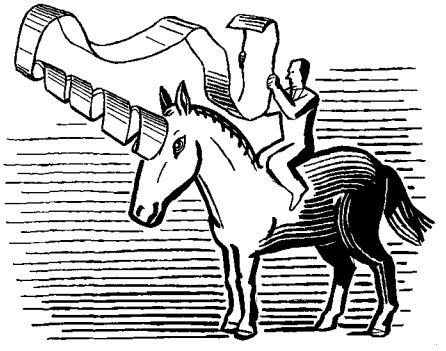
One naturally assumes that "junk" is worthless. But the facts tell a different story. Study after study has shown that high yield bonds are anything but junk.

Professor Edward Altman of New York University and Scott Nammacher found that from 1974 to 1985, the default rate on high yield bonds averaged just 1.53%, despite the two deepest recessions since World War II. (High yield bonds underwritten by Drexel Burnham had a "true" default rate of only 0.2% in 1986).

Professors Blume and Keim at the Wharton School of Business, studying the period from 1977-1986, found that the total risk of a well-diversified portfolio of high yield bonds was no greater than the risk for a portfolio of AAA-rated bonds, the 'safest' private debt available.

MYTH #2: THEY ARE THE MAJOR SOURCE OF FUNDS FUELING HOSTILE TAKEOVERS.

According to a 1987 report of the Investor Responsibility Research Center, both investment grade bonds and high yield bonds



together provided less than 10% of the financing for successful tender offers, whether friendly or hostile. In 1984 and 1985, bank loans supplied almost 80%.

Of the $128 billion public offerings of bonds and preferred stock rated less than investment grade issued during 1980-86, about 22% was used for merger and acquisition activities (future and friendly acquisitions, leveraged buyouts and refinancing acquisition debt). Less than 3% was used in hostile tender offers or unsolicited acquisitions.

MYTH #3: THEY ARE PRIMARILY USED TO FINANCE RISKY NEW VENTURES.

The average new issuer of high yield bonds today is a 36-year old company with $1.1 billion in assets, using the funds for internal growth and development.

Over 1200 companies have issued high yield securities since 1977. They're some of the fastest-growing, best-managed companies in America, including Charter Medical, Ramada Inns, Kinder-Care Learning Centers, Coca-Cola Bottling, Comdisco, Inc., Wickes Companies, and Banner Industries.

MYTH #4: THEY ARE USELESS TO THE ECONOMY.

About 22,000 corporations, or 95% of American businesses with sales of more than $25 million are considered non-investment grade. High yield bonds provide many of these companies with a cost-effective source of long-term, fixed-rate funds for growth, development, and job formation.

In the last three years, high yield issuers have increased their revenues by 32%, or nearly three times the rate of investment grade companies. During the same period, investment grade companies have actually lost jobs, while high yield issuers have increased employment by 24%.

The 10,000 people of Drexel Burnham are proud to be part of the high yield bond market and its ongoing contributions to our nation's economic growth.

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This has been a part of our continuing series on important, controversial and complex issues that challenge American competitiveness. For reprints of our entire series, write Frederick W. McCarthy, Drexel Burnham Lambert, 60 Broad Street, Room 1111, New York, New York, 10004.

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LETTERS

In Memoriam

There was a great deal of valuable historic appraisal as well as personal warmth and insight in NATIONAL REVIEW's tribute to the memory of James Burnham [Sept. 11]. There is no doubt of his place in the history of ideas and indeed of political and economic action.

Those who knew him personally, however slightly, could not help being struck by Priscilla Buckley's moving and most evocative memoir. She caught so well that combination of steel and gentleness that was predominant in his character. He was well served, too, by a kind of long-range understanding of human behavior and an ironic appreciation of motives, whether he liked them or not.

Such a varied and distinguished career often affords surprising glimpses, as for example in Jeanne Wacker's article, which tells of her encounter with him when he taught aesthetics and Aquinas at New York University in the 1940s. Many learned much from him during his life and many more will enrich themselves from his legacy.

Nicholas King
New York, N.Y.

What a feast! So much I never knew about Burnham.

—From Sidney Hook I learn that his one sticking-point against Browder's CPUSA was the "sheer absurdity" of the Kremlin's solution to our nationalities problem—viz., "self-determination for the Black Belt."

—Jeanne Wacker remembers Burnham's class at NYU as having a spy assigned from the CP's Jefferson School to monitor his class performance for deviationism (Accuracy in Academia *avant la lettre*). I first met Jeanne in a Burnham class on Aquinas. After, we'd go out to a cafeteria with Wallace Markfield (*To an Early Grave*) and talk for hours.

—Jeff Hart on Burnham's looks: "a brilliant fetus" bizarrely catches something. Irving Howe called him a "snob." A snobbish fetus? When the respectable Left ostracized him, Joe Sobran notes, "I don't think he took it personally." What is it about Burnham that made one unable to tell?

—Linda Bridges tells us his chilling reply when asked why he didn't join *NR*'s twentieth-anniversary junket to Russia: "They might want to ask me a few questions." From her I also learned the provenance of Bill Buckley's "Who says A must say B."

—The story Jeff Hart tells of Marcia and Jim at our apartment for cocktails: Marcia had been in the children's bedroom so long that Heidi went in to give her her drink. "Yes, now I'm sure," she said: she and Jim had lived there in their early days. Marcia being in real estate, Heidi had thought she was just interested in apartments.

—Priscilla Buckley's moving account of his kindness, his sense of mischief, his insights. Kevin Lynch on the culture of *NR*'s junior staff—marvelous.

This veteran of the cold war, what was his temperature? Joe Sobran calls him "cool." Irving Howe calls him "cold-blooded." Priscilla Buckley remembers his "warmth." Rick Brookhiser unearthed from the Fifties "red-hot phrases . . . [that] arise . . . irresistibly from . . . a very personal forge."

I think he was hot. He came off a fanatical ideology, and ever after hated ideology. But he kept the heat of his native fanaticism. Only he kept it cool.

Jack Cuddihy
New York, N.Y.

Under Eastern Eyes

In regard to John McLaughlin's column "Tackling Toshiba" [Aug. 14], two points need to be made.

First, Congress is not "bashing" Toshiba. What many in Congress are concerned about is the illegal diversion of militarily sensitive Western technology to our adversaries. The Soviet Union spends millions each year in their attempts to steal Western technology. The message that Congress is trying to send is: "Businesses that sell out the West to the Soviet Union will not be allowed access to the U.S. market." Unfortunately, Cocom [Coordinating Committee for Export Controls] regulations have not stopped businesses from illegally dealing with the Soviet Union; however, hitting business where it hurts—in the pocketbook—may.

The second point is that the Japanese government has not taken strong action against the offending company. The fine is minimal when compared with the overall sales, and Toshiba Machine has only been restricted from doing business

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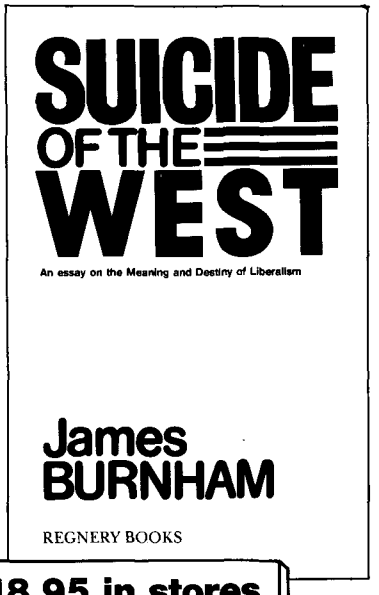
If you wonder why Congress caves in to the Communists, read this book



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- The inner drives that impel liberals to war on the Right — while giving the Left an ever-so-gentle tap on the wrist, at worst.
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If you haven't yet immersed yourself in this classic, prepare for one of the mind-opening experiences of your life.

Important for Christians and Jews

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"Expounds with corrosive clarity the right-wing case . . . I am sure that the gravest mistake we can commit is to underrate the importance of his attack on liberal thinking and liberalism in government."—R. H. S. Crossman, *Partisan Review*

"If any book may rouse the friends of order, justice and freedom to intelligent action against the grim enemies of civilization, Mr. Burnham has given us just such an instrument."—Russell Kirk

"James Burnham has written a book about Liberalism for which the world has been aching. It is worth more to the West than the year's gross national product, more than all our planes and bombs — with all of these, we have still been losing out in the world. But this book is not only a pathologist's report. It gives the key for the recovery of the West."...—William F. Buckley, Jr.

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with the Soviet Union and Warsaw Pact nations for one year. This year will have almost no effect on Toshiba profits.

In addition, although Toshiba executives resigned, they are being retained by the firm as consultants. There is the further question of why it took the Japanese government 19 months to react to charges against Toshiba. Many believe the action of the Japanese government corresponds nicely with the expiration of the statute of limitations.

The damage that technology transfer inflicts on U.S. national security and the U.S. taxpayer is severe. It is expected to cost $30 billion to undo the damage of the sale of these propeller milling machines. *The West must stop selling the rope to the Soviet Union.*

I do agree with Mr. McLaughlin on one point: more is at stake than simply punishing wayward businessmen in an allied country. Our national security is at stake.

Duncan Hunter
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C.

A Little Old Lady Could've . . .

I should like to object to *NR*'s jeering commentary on the efficiency of our services ["*Stark* Military Doubts," "The Week," June 19], in particular your reference to the Grenada rescue: "It took us two days to subdue a few Cubans armed with picks and shovels." It is astonishing that you contribute to these calumnies, more usually the province of journalists like Scott Minerbrook in the *Washington Post*, Richard Gabriel in his notorious book *Military Incompetence*, and Jeffrey Record of the Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis, the last claiming that "the South Pasadena fire department could have taken Grenada."

They couldn't have, given the limitations imposed for safeguarding the citizenry, not to mention some two hundred Russian *spetsnaz* commandos who had recently arrived and had to be constantly returned to their compound, where a very large number of picks and shovels were subsequently discovered. As one who lived on Point Salines throughout the Cuban occupation I saw many of the same accumulated in sheds. Four 23-mm. anti-aircraft pieces were installed at the foot of my property; my gardener, a defenseless Grenadian citizen, was hit twice in the leg, neither time by picks or shovels.

Meanwhile, the scorn you heap on the *Stark* for failing to identify an approaching Exocet in time might interest those on *HMS Sheffield* in the Falklands campaign. What is a "primitive Exocet missile"? It's a crashing oxymoron, that's what. The first Exocet to hit the "Shiny Sheff" came in at under six feet at water level and no amount of chaff would have diverted it. The bridge saw the missile when it was only three seconds distant and a helicopter observer there, looking in the direction of the Exocet, barely had time to shout, "Take cover!" and dive for some himself. The missile was fired (at radar blips) from thirty miles away and the immediately returning Argentinian pilot only knew what he had done by hearing the Ministry of Defense announcement made in London later. All in all, it's too depressing for words to find *NR* contributing to Moscow's Active Measures disinformation service in this way.

Geoffrey Wagner
St. George's, Grenada

Freebie Jeebies

Unfortunately for William Hawkins ["Free Trade Is No Free Lunch," Aug. 28], the times are not 1895, and if Theodore Roosevelt were alive today, he might well favor free trade. One thing is certain: prescriptions that may have worked at the turn of the present century with respect to international trade and commerce are unlikely to be effective as this century nears its end.

It is all very well to sugest that U.S. productivity should be increased behind a protective wall of tariffs. The rub comes in how to accomplish this today, as we are on the descending side of the curve now, rather than the ascending side as in Teddy Roosevelt's day. The U.S. steel industry has had some meas-

Crucial Reading for The 1980's

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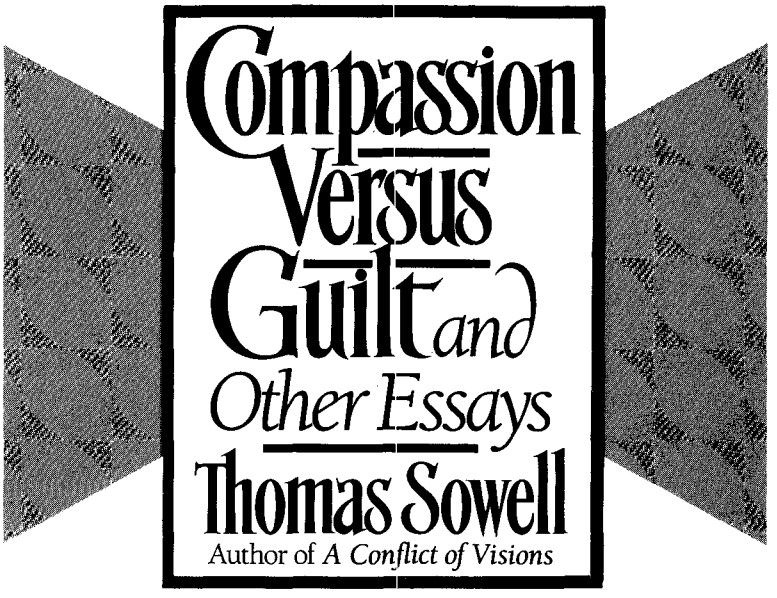
—Jonathan Yardley, *The Washington Post*

"Thomas Sowell is able to look at the same facts as others, yet conceive webs of explanation that are much more subtle, sophisticated and accurate than those of his lessers."
—Stuart Warner, *The Wall Street Journal*



William Morrow

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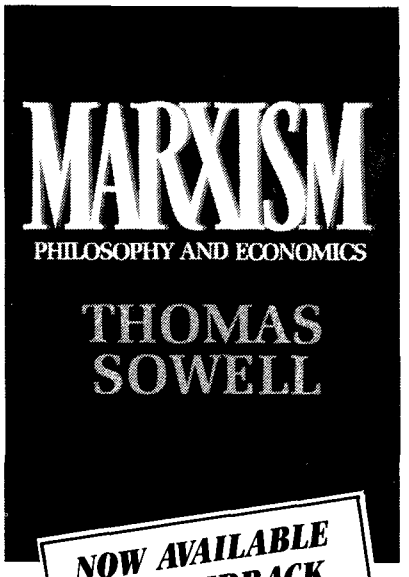

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ure of import protection for a decade now, without significant improvement in domestic or foreign competitiveness.

One other item. Hawkins writes, "The Department of Labor predicts that, over the next decade, 70 per cent of the new jobs in the ten fastest-growing fields will pay less than average incomes." I would hope that 100 per cent of entry-level positions would pay less than average incomes. (But not all "new" jobs are "entry level," Hawkins might reply. This just goes to show that we need to be careful in explaining our terms.)

Free trade may be no free lunch, but there may well be no lunch at all with any other course of action.

G. W. Schulz
Plano, Tex.

The fundamental flaw in William Hawkins's latest plea for protectionism is revealed early on, when Hawkins criticizes supply-siders for urging faster economic growth in other countries, especially Japan and Western Europe. He says we should fear better economic policies among "our trade rivals," asking, "Do the Dallas Cowboys hope the Washington Redskins will improve their passing game?"

This is a basic economic fallacy, the idea that the economy is a zero-sum game, that one man's gain is another's loss. In fact, an economy is a process of wealth *creation*, and we are all better off when there is more wealth in the world. If our trade *partners*—not rivals—have more to trade for our products, we will all end up with more. Unfortunately, Mr. Hawkins's entire case proceeds from his mercantilist/nationalist fallacy.

One of the most attractive aspects of the supply-side movement is its enthusiastic advocacy of economic growth for everyone, rich and poor, native-born Americans and immigrants, even Europeans, Japanese, and the beleaguered citizens of the Third World.

David D. Boaz
Washington, D.C.

Jack Kempt in '88?

Where did Jude Wanniski get the absurd idea that Jack Kemp is floundering in third place ["Can Kemp Do It?" Aug. 14]? Wanniski cited only one source for his information: polls. Polls are a joke. Polls predicted Carter way out in front in 1980. Reagan's landslide proved polling to be totally unreliable.

Wanniski wrote about Jack Kemp's strengths, but left out one thing crucial to winning in the general election: Kemp's obvious physical appeal. Let's face it, there are millions of voters who know nothing of issues, politics, or who's on first, but they will vote for a dingbat if he's good-looking. Remember JFK. The overwhelming approval the public gave to Colonel North was not only for his wonderful words, but also for his great appearance.

We all want a hero, someone strong, conservative, and with principles Americans desire in a leader. Put that in a package as attractive as Jack Kemp and the Republicans have a winner. Bush might come in second, but Dole would definitely flounder on the bottom.

Linda Ellen Price
Springville, Ala.

By oversight, my signature did not appear with those of my fellow signatories to a letter pubished in the September 11 number of *NR* ["Kemp Can't (Maybe)"]. Like M. E. Bradford, Paul Gottfried, Peter J. Stanlis, James Taylor, and—I hope—many other conservatives, I believe that "Kemp's deviations from conservative policies and principles are too numerous to be counted on one hand." In regard to his support for supply-side economics, I personally am willing to extend the debate, by suggesting that profit is no more a "high conservative principle" than equality.

Chilton Williamson Jr.
Kemmerer, Wyo.

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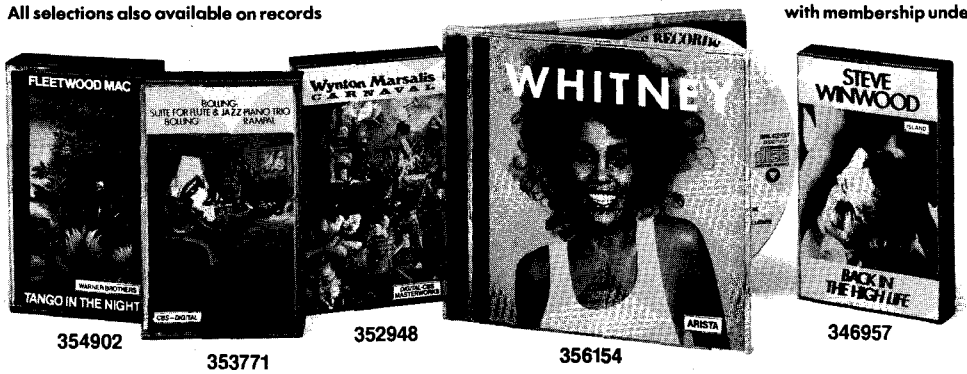

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FOR THE RECORD

The big political news of the fortnight was Sen. **Sam Nunn**'s withdrawal from presidential race. Whom did it benefit? **Albert Gore**? **Jesse Jackson**? **Jack Kemp**? The GOP? All, to some extent. . . . Look for Gore, the only Southerner in the race, to move gently right to try to pick up Nunn's constituency. But will he be convincing? *Christian Science Monitor* analysis points to his close ties with labor, his prep-school-*cum*-Harvard background. Says political analyst **Richard Scammon**: "He has his feet in Tennessee and his heart in Berkeley." Says analyst **Stephen Hess**: "Gore is not an unalloyed Southerner." . . . When *Monitor* asked **Barry Goldwater**: "Do any Democrats look strong in '88?" Goldwater replied: "Yes, but they are not running," referring to Nunn and former Virginia Gov. **Charles Robb**. . . . Nunn's pullout, says **Cliff Lorick**, executive director of Georgia's Republican Party, "drives home to Georgia Democrats that there is no room in the national Democratic Party for a conservative who calls himself a Democrat. They don't have a seat at the table." . . . Alabama Secretary of State **Glenn Browder** predicts low turnout of Democrats in his state on Super Tuesday, which he says "will work to the advantage of Jesse Jackson and the Republican Party." . . . It could also help Jack Kemp, who hopes to benefit from crossover vote of Southern Democrats who believe "in those values and principles of a strong defense and peace through strength." . . . **Patrick Buchanan** feels **Paul Laxalt**'s skedaddle will help Kemp in that it narrows the number of conservatives in the race. . . . Another major boost for Kemp was last week's endorsement by Sen. **Gordon Humphrey** of New Hampshire.

Is there a dime's worth of difference between the parties, as **George Wallace** used to ask? You bet. Last week's ACU congressional ratings show **Robert Dole** at 91 per cent, minimally more conservative than Jack Kemp (89), while **Paul Simon** and Al Gore are most conservative of Democrats, weighing in at 9 per cent, with **Joseph Biden** at 5, and **Richard Gephardt**, zero. . . . No Democrat is catching fire. The NEA, like the AFL-CIO, couldn't come up with endorsement even after each of the seven Democratic contenders was interviewed by NEA president **Mary Hatwood Futrell**. They also filled out questionnaires. NEA official **Ken Melley** says endorsement will probably come after Super Tuesday (March 8) when the field will have been winnowed. . . . Incidentally, Gephardt last week pointed out that if he falters on March 8 he will still have time to file for reelection to Congress. . . . Ex-Speaker **Tip O'Neill** has spoken: Simon, he says, is "the only liberal in the race." . . . **Rosalynn Carter** says **Jimmy** is "the only man qualified to lead the Western World." Only problem: Jimmy isn't interested.

The liberal anti-**Bork** barrage continues with ACLU bringing its big guns into play last week. The ACLU came out formally against Bork, who was, it said, "outside the mainstream of conservative judicial philosophy." . . . More moderate language than **Michael Cowan** of National Lawyers Guild used. "Bork," he told militant *Guardian*, "is grotesque." (After all, Bork was the only member of Yale faculty in 1964 who admitted to voting for Goldwater.) . . . **Toby D'Oench**, of the Campaign for a Just Supreme Court, takes the position that President **Reagan** should not be allowed to nominate anyone to Supreme Court until an investigation into his "lawless and impeachable offenses" has been completed. . . . Not much notice was taken last week when Public Affairs Committee of Southern Baptist Convention (with 14.6 million members, the largest non-Catholic denomination in the U.S.) endorsed Bork nomination.

Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

To be sure, the U.S. lost the UN vote calling for independence for Puerto Rico, but this year Venezuela, which had been co-sponsor (with Cuba) of the resolution last year, abstained, a personal victory for Amb. **Vernon Walters**. . . . Playing rough: The President has appointed former **Castro** prisoner **Armando Valladares** U.S. representative on United Nations Human Rights Commission. Valladares's predecessor, **e. robert wallach**, came within whisker of getting Cuba's human-rights violations placed on agenda last year. . . . Eight years of mismanagement in Nicaragua have left economy in shambles. Inflation was more than 600 per cent last year, foreign debt has skyrocketed, Moscow has cut its petroleum shipments, and Western European governments that initially supported the Sandinistas—West Germany, France, Spain, Italy, the Netherlands—have cut aid this year. Only Norway and Sweden have upped theirs. . . . Still, Nicaragua is doing better than Vietnam, which now ranks 161st (out of 164) in UN report on per-capita gross national product.

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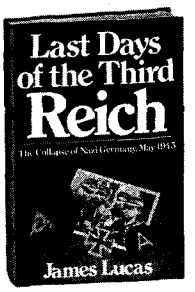

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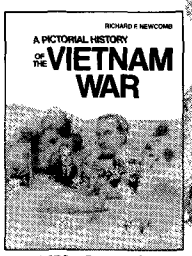

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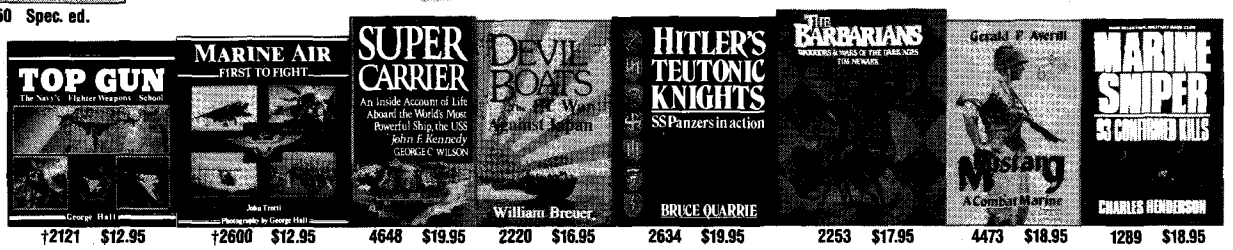

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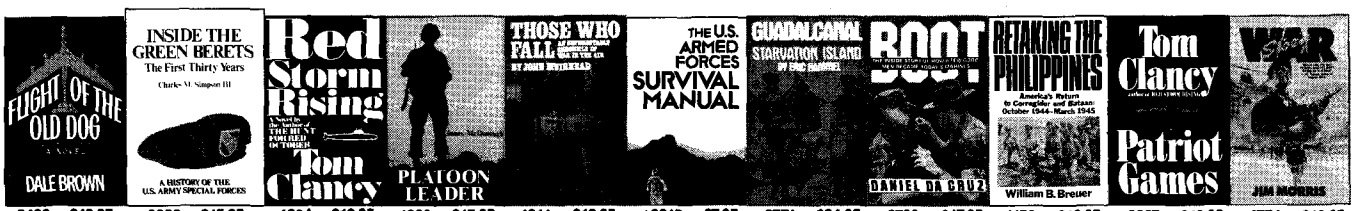

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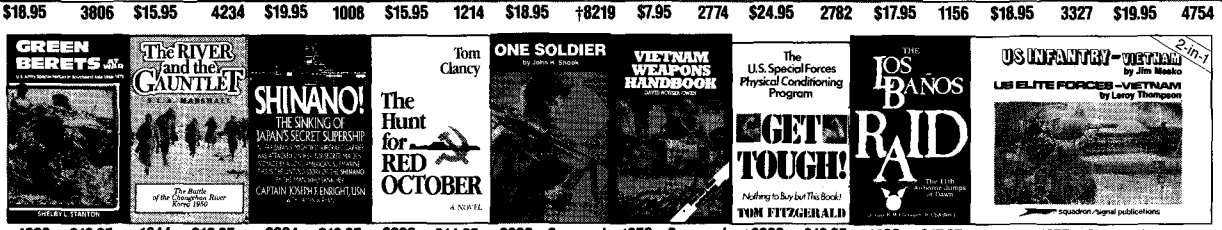

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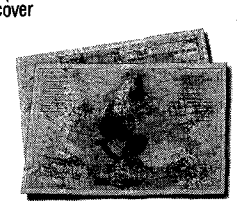

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THE WEEK

☐ The Pennsylvania House of Representatives was contemplating a bill to require disinvestment of state funds in South Africa. Representative Ron Gamble introduced an amendment requiring disinvestment in *every* country where the government flagrantly violates human rights. Amendment passed. Bill tabled.

☐ The American Civil Liberties Union has formally abandoned its pretense of neutrality and urged the Senate to reject the nomination of Robert Bork to the Supreme Court. "Had he been around in the eighteenth century," says ACLU Executive Director Ira Glasser, "he would have been against adding the Bill of Rights to the Constitution." As was Alexander Hamilton. Of course you have to bear in mind that when the ACLU says "Bill of Rights," it doesn't have in mind quite the same things the Framers did. As far as it's concerned, for example, the First Amendment means Communism and porn, the Fourth Amendment means shackling the police, the Eighth Amendment means no capital punishment, the Ninth Amendment means abortion on demand, and the Second and Tenth Amendments mean nothing.

☐ Senator Patrick Leahy (D., Vt.) appears to be in serious political and possibly legal trouble over his admitted leaking of Senate Foreign Relations Committee material to the media. The material was not classified, but the committee had voted 8 to 7 *not* to make it public, with Leahy himself voting *not*. Then he leaked it. He has been obliged to resign from the committee, may have broken the law, and if you want to run for a Senate seat in Vermont you will just have to get in line.

☐ Presidential candidate Richard Gephardt, among others, repeatedly cites a Joint Economic Committee "study" to the effect that 58 per cent of the 13 million new jobs created since 1982 pay less than $7,000 a year. That study has been thoroughly discredited, in these pages and elsewhere, but few have asked enough questions about its principal author, Barry Bluestone. In "Radical Economics in the Eighties" (*New York Times*, Sept. 1), *Times* reporter Louis Uchitelle correctly identifies Bluestone as one of "the nation's Marxist economists." That the JEC study was incompetent is no longer in doubt, but that taxpayer money was used to finance such Marxist propaganda is a scandal.

☐ Bozell & Baker's new syndicated media-watch column is causing consternation in the chicken coop. In their latest installment, "Truth in Labeling Escapes the Networks," they look at how the evening network news treated various presidential candidates on the day they formally entered the race. The label "conservative" is attached as tightly as one Siamese twin to another to any Republican from Jack Kemp to Alexander Haig. But when it comes to Democrats, watch what happens. To Bruce Morton (CBS), Albert Gore (ADA 70) is "middle of the road"; Michael Dukakis's politics are "pragmatic." To Jim Wooten (ABC), Joseph Biden is "running in the ideological center, clearly not a liberal by traditional definition." (Biden, as Bozell and Baker comment, "received the same ADA rating as Ted Kennedy last year.") To Ken Bode (NBC), Richard Gephardt and Bruce Babbitt are "hard to label." (Gephardt has an ACU rating of zero). To Charlayne Hunter-Gault (MacNeil-Lehrer), Babbitt is "a moderate." Even Paul Simon —who, unlike the others, makes a point of *calling* himself a liberal—finds himself labeled anything but.

☐ The disadvantage of success is that you get all the opportunists on your side. The disadvantage of failure is that you lose them. Panama's toppling strongman, General Manuel Antonio Noriega, has unleashed a loud blame-America-first campaign, complete with spontaneous demonstrations and raucous radio broadcasts. It seems to be fizzling, but we long for the good old days when a desperate rascal thought the straw to grasp was anti-Communism, not anti-Americanism. Then again, maybe Noriega plans to seek asylum in Massachusetts.

☐ Though the South African miners' strike produced a few immediate benefits for the miners, it was success in important ways. For starters, it was the largest well-organized strike of black workers in the nation's history, taking 250,000 miners off the job for three weeks, a considerable organizational feat. The strike was important to Americans as a picture of the real South Africa: not a static totalitarian state but an imperfect, genuinely threatened outpost of democratic

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AL GORE can breathe a sigh of relief. Out to establish his standing for a future (discount the current showing) run for the Presidency, the freshman senator from Tennessee with the magic name needs to perform well in the South. What Sam Nunn's withdrawal-without-entering does is to clear the field of a regional rival on March 8, Super Tuesday, the big day for Southern primaries. Two senators, both from the South, both young, both running for the first time, would have been one too many for the Gore strategy to succeed. Gore and Nunn would have been wooing the same voters and mining the same vein in fundraising, namely the Southern "neo-Democrats." Now that gold mine is Gore's exclusively.

Nunn discerned early, Washington gurus are saying, what Paul Laxalt discerned late: the time was already past for a candidate to enter. Over a year ago, Laxalt's advisors counseled him to make clear his intention to run so that he could raise money and line up the grass-roots backers who would be critical to success in the early primaries, which, in turn, would be critical to success in the later ones. The primary and caucus calendar is enormously compressed this year: by March 8 about 50 per cent of the nominating delegates will be selected in each party. If you don't do well in the early contests it will be too late to become viable later. Laxalt, however, thought he could coast on his strength as Reagan did in 1980, forgetting that Reagan had tested the waters in 1968 and 1972, and had run in 1976. Nunn avoided the sort of mildly embarrassing exploratory candidacy that Laxalt engaged in.

What is good news for Gore is, by the same token, bad news for Dukakis, Gephardt, Simon, and the others. Jesse Jackson's candidacy will sop up much of the black vote in the Super Tuesday primaries. That leaves all the other candidates vying for a slice of the white electorate. Dukakis, for example, is still very strong in Iowa and New Hampshire, but he may face real difficulty when he goes south. The principal reason is trade. Today's Southern Democrats are not the same voters who gave their allegiance to free-trader Reagan in 1980 and 1984. They are Alabama steel workers hurt by imports, auto-parts workers whose jobs have gone to Mexico, farmers who can't compete, textile workers whose jobs are in Taiwan, Hong Kong, and Korea. Dukakis can talk about economic miracles in Massachusetts and laud free trade, but the fact is that the South, according to a mid-August census report, is still the poorest region in the country, without the commercial and financial industries that have boosted Massachusetts's prosperity, for which Dukakis takes inordinate credit.

As for Nunn, what needs to be watched is how the Georgia senator with a career ADA (Americans for Democratic Action) rating of 29 per cent uses his influence as chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, notably in his handling of the debates on the presumptive INF treaty. Those debates would give Democrats a chance to stand tall on defense, and would brighten prospects next fall for whoever may be the Democratic presidential nominee. If Nunn plays his cards well, and if a Democrat wins, he might just end up as Secretary of Defense in January 1989.

Expect a congressional resurrection of the Fairness Doctrine sometime this session, notwithstanding the FCC's August 4 announcement that it would no longer enforce the standard, on the grounds that it is an unconstitutional abridgment of free speech. Many lawmakers are unwilling to let die the 38-year-old doctrine, which requires broadcasters to air all sides of controversial issues. The planned strategy is to attach the language to an "iron lung" piece of legislation, like an appropriations bill or a continuing resolution that the President could not veto without killing off some vital measure.

Most Democrats want to bring back the Fairness Doctrine, while a goodly number of Republicans support the President's deregulation of the broadcast industry. But "both conservatives and liberals have equal difficulty," says an aide to Senator Ernest Hollings (D., S.C.), "in getting on TV stations that don't support their views."

The issue will probably end up in the Supreme Court, but not before 1989, twenty years after the Court issued its first decision on the doctrine. Industry analysts here believe that this time the Court will not uphold the Fairness Doctrine. "The number of radio and TV stations has risen by almost 50 per cent since the first Supreme Court decision," says a National Association of Broadcasters legal expert. "The basis of the High Court's ruling was that the scarcity of broadcast outlets would squelch the expression of different views. That's no longer valid." He is probably correct.

—CATO

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capitalism. The strike testifies to the meliorative effects of relatively free commerce. The great fear for white South Africans has been that the black majority will prove unassimilable into the democratic capitalist culture. But 250,000 miners capable of organizing a three-week strike with no more violence than was common in American strikes in this century are presumptively assimilated, a hopeful portent.

☐ As we go to press, East Germany's Erich Honecker is preparing for his long-awaited visit to West Germany. An earlier visit was canceled by Soviet fiat. It was not that the Kremlin fundamentally opposed the idea; it simply wanted to wait until West Germany had been softened up enough for the trip to have maximum political and propaganda effect. The Soviets have masterfully manipulated West German public opinion—to the point that polls now indicate a majority of West Germans find Gorbachev both more believable and more committed to peace than Reagan. Honecker's visit is a Soviet lure to draw West Germany deeper into a mounting national delusion that peace can be secured through accommodation with the East—a delusion that has been fed by the United States' pushing the agreement with Moscow that would eliminate all nuclear delivery systems in West

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It's Called Convergence

With SAT scores clearly on the skids
And, like the giant sloth, our kids
Draped limply over desk and chair,
Cassandras voice a bleak despair;
But, counteracting this unease,
Statistics hint the Japanese
Will, by the year 2000, be
As goofy and laid back as we.

W. H. VON DREELE

Germany capable of reaching Soviet territory. Kohl and other West German leaders on the Right tried to warn their NATO allies, but no one listened. Bonn will react by listening all the more closely to what Honecker has to say.

☐ On August 31, Lech Walesa proclaimed to a crowd gathered for a Mass in Gdansk: "Solidarity lives." It was the seventh birthday of Solidarity, the Polish trade union born out of a dramatic strike at the Gdansk shipyard. To Walesa's people, with little prospect that *glasnost* might breathe real life into the only independent trade union in the Eastern bloc, his pronouncement may have seemed sentimental. While President Reagan has repeatedly called on the Soviet Union to tear down the Berlin Wall, or withdraw from Afghanistan, or recognize Solidarity before relations can truly improve, the United States' trade relationship with Poland has returned to its pre-1980 status. Governor Mario Cuomo of New York did acknowledge Solidarity's continued existence when, refused a meeting with Lech Walesa, he canceled his planned trip to Poland. A poignant birthday.

☐ Early in August, California Governor George Deukmejian vetoed a bill extending mandatory bilingual education, and a few days later the Los Angeles teachers' union voted to abolish "transitional bilingual education"—educationese for the practice of spending billions of federal dollars to help English teachers speak Spanish and Hispanic students avoid learning English. Critics of California's latest trend charge that without bilingual education Hispanic kids "will fall further behind." Balderdash. After two centuries of welcoming huddled masses, America knows something about providing opportunity for the foreign-born. Ask the Vietnamese. While Los Angeles has a large Asian population, almost no bilingual-education funds go toward Oriental-language classes, because Asian parents insist that their children learn English. Poor kids —falling ever further ahead.

☐ The abortion industry has produced an unexpected spinoff: a new trade in human spare parts. Aborted children are being used to supply tissue and organs for surgical transplants. The *New York Times* reports that one California woman sought to be artificially inseminated with her father's sperm, the idea being to abort the child and use its brain tissue for her father, who was suffering from Alzheimer's disease. And in Sweden, researchers are planning to experiment with fetal brain tissue in treating Parkinson's disease. Other possibilities include a new form of surrogate motherhood, in which women get pregnant for the purpose of getting abortions and selling the victim's remains. We've come a long way from permitting abortion for rape and incest.

☐ *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis is, believe it or not, a witty and civilized man in private, but when he sits down at his typewriter he seems to undergo a self-inflicted lobotomy. So it was, recently, when he seized upon a piece by White House speechwriter Anthony Dolan, in which analogies were drawn between Scott Fitzgerald's Jay Gatsby and the President. Right! says Lewis, Gatsby was a fraud, a crook, and an illusionist. Mr. Lewis's problem is that this is not altogether what Fitzgerald thought. *His* Gatsby is also strangely eloquent, when Fitzgerald can figure out how to let him speak—eloquent in contrast to the wooden homilies of Nick Carraway, not to mention the pig-like Tom Buchanan. Is it possible that a man as intelligent as Anthony Lewis flattens this great and ambivalent novel into a moralistic tract? Yup.

☐ *My Dear Alex* (Regnery), by Dinesh D'Souza and Gregory Fossedal, is a wickedly funny satire, employing the method of C. S. Lewis's *Screwtape Letters.* The letters are from Vladimir, a Soviet disinformation expert, to Alex, his American plant, on how to manipulate the American media and American liberal opinion generally. The joke, funny but grim, is that the Soviet instructions to Alex are largely supererogatory: what Vladimir wants, the media do anyway.

☐ In Norrköping, Sweden, the good ladies are attempting to make illicit sex as unsafe as possible, which is not the worst idea of the day. They pose as hookers, and publish the names (traced from license plates) of anybody they manage to attract. But this doesn't work either—all the men turn out to have lent their cars to their brother-in-law that day.

☐ Mr. Jimmy Carter showed up in Moscow a couple of weeks ago, posing smilingly with Mr. Gorbachev, and in Peking, hugging Deng Xiaoping. Clearly he is serious in asking them to give back the Democratic Party, but they aren't going to do it.

☐ A possible solution to the AIDS crisis. A few years back, the American Psychiatric Association declared

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that homosexuality is not a mental illness. Why not just prod the American Medical Association to declare that AIDS is not a disease?

☐ The Italians have elected a sexpot porn star, Cicciolina, to their parliament, and we're still stuck with representatives from Massachusetts.

Like the Lady from Niger

Mr. Kohl, who would bridle and bristle
When a Socialist glared at a missile,
Will be junking the lot
Of old Pershings to swat
With the clout of a seed in a thistle.

W. H. VON DREELE

Reagan: What Has Gone Wrong?

THERE APPEARS to have been a total failure of political intelligence in the White House.

For example, almost everyone would know that an initiative in the direction of catastrophic-illness insurance—possibly sound in the abstract—would be seized upon for vastly expanded initiatives in the direction of socialized medicine. What the second-term Reagan Administration has done is buy into the liberal agenda, apparently without realizing that the Left would of course buy into it much further.

The Reagan/Jim Wright plan for a negotiated settlement in Nicaragua lasted approximately 48 hours. After that the agenda moved left. Mr. Wright threw Reagan overboard in favor of the toothless Arias plan. The scrupulously civilian leadership of the Nicaraguan resistance was never consulted, and still does not understand what hit it.

Why would any American President put his signature on a document, at a "Summit" or otherwise, the effect of which is simply to cede Soviet military superiority in Europe? It is difficult to believe that this is actually in the works. Among many others, Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger have made the point irrefutably: any nuclear stand-down in Europe *must* be linked with a stand-down in Soviet conventional forces. The great pact that Reagan is working on will in effect make Europe safe for conventional warfare.

Dealing arms to Iran was a terrible idea, contradictory to everything the Reagan Administration had said and seemed to stand for: no deals with terrorists.

The political gyroscope, let alone common sense, has disappeared. To reappear again soon, let us pray.

Moscow Bound

CHAUTAUQUA, New York, was the scene of a recent Soviet-American confab, where the *glasnost* ran like vodka. The Soviets sent 220 diplomats, journalists, workers, lawyers, professors, scientists, you get the idea. Some Soviet speakers were booed and hissed as they told the audience that the Soviet Union is trying to leave Afghanistan and "does not try to impose its system on others." A Reagan Administration spokesman got the same treatment when he defended U.S. policy toward Nicaragua.

The Soviet delegation was irritated by a Reagan speech that was beamed from Los Angeles. "He said we are far from American standards of democracy," commented Yevgeny Primakov. "I say, 'Thank God.' " One hopes Primakov's remark is a sign of religious upsurge within the Soviet Union.

Senator Bill Bradley also dampened spirits by speaking of Afghanistan, Czechoslovakia, Solzhenitsyn, Mstislav Rostropovich, pianist Vladimir Feltsman, and Mikhail Baryshnikov.

The event was saved by the tact of Mario Cuomo, who called for a "new realism" and an end to the cold war, hinting that the "stupidity" of arms spending could best be corrected by diverting the money from weapons for fighting socialism to domestic programs that would implement it.

Cuomo's speech was a little too much for columnist (until recently, executive editor) A. M. Rosenthal of the *New York Times*, who called the governor to find out what he really meant. He reported that Cuomo was much more sensible in private and had said what he said, he said, because he'd only had 13 minutes to say it in, and why pick fights? By the way, Cuomo is going to Moscow this month.

Rosenthal replied: "Speaking plainly about things the Russians know to be true is not picking unnecessary fights but dealing with them as equals—not as children to be patted on the head. It is impossible to go on to the 'new realism' without examining the full truth about the old." He expressed the hope that Cuomo in Moscow "will be smart enough not to worry too much about Mr. Gorbachev's feelings." Yes. It's hard to believe that if Cuomo had only 13 minutes to discuss the Reagan Administration, he wouldn't find time to squeeze in a critical word or two.

Embarrassing Facts

A FEW REVEALING FACTS are buried within the Congressional Budget Office's latest review of the government's finances. One is the refutation of the notion that consumers are, as *Business Week* put it, "buying beyond their means." On the contrary, the CBO

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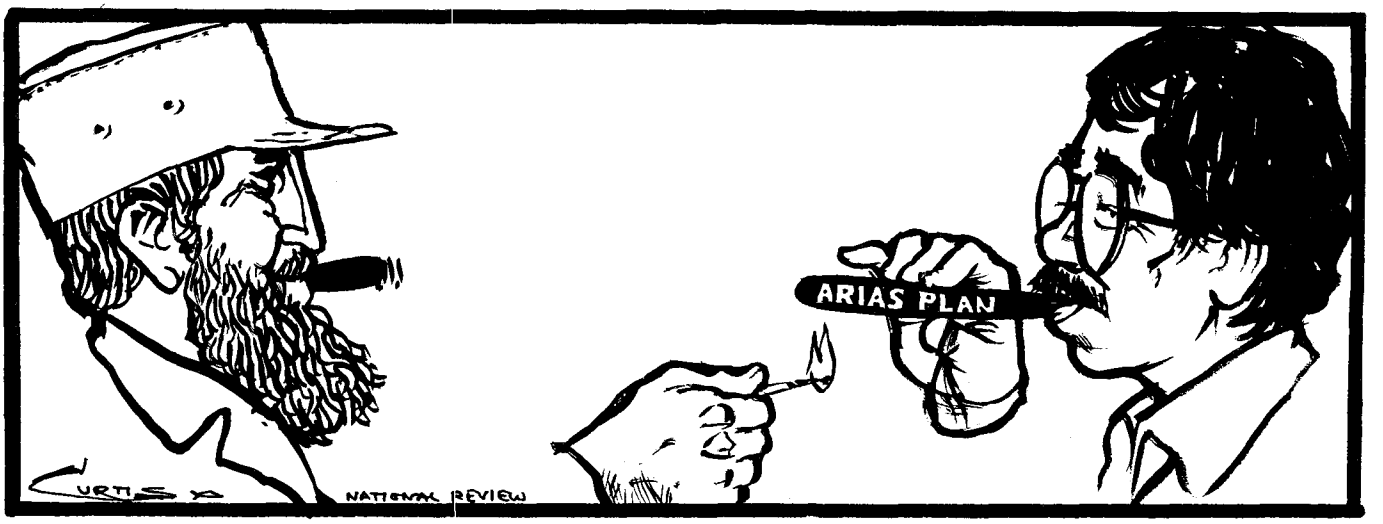

points out that household net worth has increased by 39 per cent since 1982—assets grew that much faster than debts. Another CBO revelation is that in the past three and one-half years, wages and salaries have been growing more rapidly in the service sector than in manufacturing, and much more rapidly in non-union than in union jobs. This evidence undermines the complaint that the U.S. has lost high-paying union jobs to the "low-paying" service sector.

Most interesting of all is the CBO admission that tax revenues have been vastly underestimated each time tax rates were reduced. Actual revenues were depressed by recession in 1982, yet lower tax rates nonetheless provided $13 billion more in revenue than expected. This year, lower tax rates are producing $19 billion more than expected. This error is being widely dismissed as a one-time "windfall." The argument is that lower tax rates on capital gains encouraged more turnover of stocks last year—yet those who make this argument somehow deny that a lower tax rate on this year's capital gains would likewise produce more revenue. The stock market has already risen by another 40 per cent this year. That will surely generate another unexpected windfall next April, even though the higher tax rate on capital gains discourages many investors from selling. If that rate were promptly rolled back, from 28 to 20 per cent or less, there would be even larger revenue windfalls to explain away next year. Unfortunately, such an easy way of raising revenues would not satisfy those who seek the Presidency on promises of austerity and sacrifice.

Second Thoughts on Bork

CONSERVATIVES are naturally enthusiastic about the prospect of a Supreme Court governed by the principle of judicial restraint. We've seen too much of the liberal agenda imposed by a hopped-up progressive judiciary. Robert Bork seems to promise a welcome relief.

The trouble is that judicial restraint may run head-on into original intent. At times the Constitution may require the Court to be, if not "activist," at least very active.

When? When the legislative branch exceeds its constitutional powers. Bear in mind that the Supreme Court was conceived as a check on the power of Congress. It doesn't function that way any more: it prefers to knock down state laws, which means it acts outside the scope of checks and balances, since the states have no reciprocal power over federal courts. So the Court has become one more force for the consolidation of federal power.

Bear in mind too that Alexander Hamilton advocated judicial review, in *Federalist* No. 78, without reference to a Bill of Rights, the addition of which to the Constitution he deprecated (No. 84). It takes some imagination, now, to see how judicial review might look in the system he envisioned: no Bill of Rights, no Fourteenth Amendment, no incorporation doctrine.

Hamilton worried that a Bill of Rights would confuse the standing presumption against federal action by implying that Congress had the right to do whatever it wasn't expressly forbidden to do. In order to meet this cogent and prescient objection, the Ninth and Tenth Amendments were ratified, stipulating 1) that the people retained rights besides those enumerated in the Constitution and 2) that the powers not given to the Federal Government were reserved to the states and the people.

Either the latter provision means something or it doesn't. The modern Court has tacitly assumed it doesn't mean anything. And so the overall pattern of judicial activism is clear and simple: it allows liberal federal legislation to stand, while it strikes down conservative state legislation.

In terms of original intent, this is exactly backward. The ideal Supreme Court would interpret both the Tenth and Fourteenth Amendments as they were intended and, for many years, *universally understood.* (That's what "original intent" should really mean.) A

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Court devoted to the original understanding would make very sweeping rulings indeed. It would appear "activist" in ways no liberal has ever conceived, even in his or her nightmares. It would strike down the vast majority of federal laws enacted since, say, 1933 and would reverse dozens of "historic" Court rulings promulgated since, oh, 1938. It would tell civil-libertarians, in stern tones, that the Constitution means just what it says, and would insist that the Second Amendment be construed as literally as the First.

By this lofty standard, Bork just doesn't measure up. In Robert Bork's America, demagogic politicians would pass gigantic socialist programs, trample on the rights of states, and entangle us in a web of regulations. But in the real world, we'll have to settle for him.

Daniel Inouye, Call Your Office

ACCORDING TO a report in the *Christian Science Monitor,* the Quixote Center, a Catholic relief agency, has channeled almost $40 million in supplies and labor to Communist Nicaragua over the past year. The Center hopes to collect another $60 million this fall to match the $100 million in current congressional allocations for the Contras. According to a report just issued by the Capital Research Center, a group that acts as watchdog over the non-profit sector, Quixote "has been shipping supplies to Nicaragua since late 1983 and now acts as a clearinghouse for tracking donations sent to Nicaragua by more than five hundred private groups across the country."

More than five hundred? Are these groups perhaps tax-exempt, or, as the liberals would say, "tax-subsidized"? Does the point merit investigation—perhaps by the IRS, as Senator Howard Metzenbaum has demanded in the case of several non-profits that have allegedly raised money for the Contras?

Or perhaps a congressional investigation? Just a month ago, members of the Iran-Contra congressional committee were vociferously pointing out that though they disagreed with Ollie North's circumvention of the foreign-policy process, they absolutely, really and truly, shared his goal of stopping Communism in Central America. Well, boys, here's your chance: five hundred groups not only making foreign policy on their own but acting in collusion with sworn enemies of the United States. Worth a couple of hearings?

Les Aspin's Neat Idea

The Ayatollah lives on oil,
So why not make the mullahs boil
By dropping mines "invisibly"
In harbors where they put to sea?
It could cut down on nervous clucks
From sailors on our sitting ducks.

W. H. VON DREELE

Peace Plan

THE REAGAN Administration recently gave every U.S. ambassador in Central America a copy of the 1973 agreement between Washington and Hanoi. The intent, apparently, was to educate our diplomats on how Communist revolutionaries exploit negotiations and international agreements for their own ends.

We hope the Administration itself has not forgotten the lesson it seeks to bring home to the diplomats. The President's proposed "peace plan" for Central America, like the "Guatemalan Plan" proposed by the region's foreign ministers, would offer abundant opportunity for cynical exploitation and manipulation by the Sandinistas. The Nicaraguan regime that in 1979 promised the Organization of American States it would establish a free and democratic system will not hesitate to make promises, promises all over again, if by doing so it can undermine U.S. support for the Contras.

General Vo Nguyen Giap said in 1973, after the peace accords with Hanoi were signed, that peace "is the continuation of war by other means." Comandante Ortega knows this very well.

Dick Young, RIP

DICK YOUNG had a gift rare among sportswriters and rarer among other journalists: he could put a voice on a page. It was the voice of Brooklyn, the Brooklyn of the Dodgers, the Brooklyn of immigrants' kids who remembered the Depression and the war and who coalesced at the ballpark. Once, when the Dodgers took a mauling, Young's account in the *Daily News* began: "This story belongs on page three with the other axe murders." Tony Lewis never wrote a sentence like that, and for some reason wouldn't want to.

When Billy Martin punched the marshmallow salesman, Young wrote: "The problem isn't that Billy drinks a lot. It's that he fights a lot when he drinks a little." That was the Young style: blunt sentences that dropped a payload before you knew it. Even when he wasn't cracking wise, he was always in character and yet always unpredictable. His humor and anger, kindness and moral indignation, all seemed as quick as his typewriter keys.

He was born in Manhattan in 1917. His father soon abandoned the family, and Young quit high school to work in the Civilian Conservation Corps. He joined the *Daily News* as a messenger boy and

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Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

"If I'd taken your advice and bought investment trusts, we'd be facing crippling capital-gains tax now."

within a few years was its trademark sportswriter, covering the Dodgers in the glory years of Robinson, Campanella, Hodges, Reese, Snider, Furillo, Erskine, and Newcombe. He also married and had eight children.

His visceral sense of right and wrong gave his writing its tone. He persisted in calling Muhammad Ali "Cassius Clay" for years, accusing him of draft-dodging and racism, yet became his friend—a lapse into amity he atoned for by feuding with Tom Seaver, Howard Cosell, Jimmy Breslin, Larry Holmes, and heads of assorted players' unions. His hobbyhorse was drug abuse in sports: he urged fans to boo Dwight Gooden this year when Gooden was due to return from a drug rehabilitation center. He must have known he'd lose that one, but he was the sort of man who is popular because he isn't afraid to be unpopular. His style was the voice of a New York that was as American as you can get.

Bayard Rustin, RIP

BAYARD RUSTIN was an attractive man, soft-spoken, bright, perceptive. He was born in Pennsylvania of West Indies Negro stock, and in due course studied at the London School of Economics, from which he emerged first a socialist, then a Communist. Along the way, he gave up Communism and became a Quaker. For over two years, during the war, he did service as a conscientious objector.

His big moment as an activist came in 1963. It was he who was the primary organizer of the March on Washington at which the Reverend Martin Luther King had his dream, which ended with affirmative action. But in between came the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965. For a time, Bayard Rustin's name was holy in black circles.

But not for very long. He disdained the demagogy of much of the black leadership. And, in return, he was accused of being more interested in Israel and in white Protestant intellectuals than in black progress. That this was not so was irrelevant to the neglect he suffered.

He did not leave a corpus of thought to guide American blacks through the century. But his quiet disposition to hard work, to nonviolence and self-help, was a model for black behavior, of the kind that waits there to be discovered. The larger community, black and white, will miss him; should miss him more than it will.

NOTES & ASIDES

Remembering Dick Wellstood

☐ *March 20, 1973*

Dear Chairperson Bill: I realize full well that you don't review records, but I enjoy your magazine most of the time, and, like the Juggler of Notre Dame, have limited ways of expressing my thanks. Therefore, please accept these records as a gift. All else failing, they make nice placemats. Sincerely, Dick Wellstood

☐ *August 31, 1973*

Dear Mr. Buckley: I'm glad that you did receive my records and glad again that you enjoyed them. It is with some trepidation that I enclose a clipping from a recent *New York Times* showing that Nat Hentoff likes them too. May both your houses prosper . . .

☐ *December 6, 1973*

Dear Bill: . . . I've just completed a duet album with the soprano saxophonist Kenny Davern. The head of the record company has gotten into his head that you are the only person in the world who can write the notes on the back, whether about jazz, me, Kenny, the record, or whatnot. I've tried to dissuade him but he is going to write you and ask you. I won't mind if you say you are too busy. All the best, Dick

☐ *December 12, 1973*

Dear Dick: I am never too busy, but I am not confident that I could do you justice. Let's leave it that I'll see what the record-company man wants. I'm not

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qualified to write about jazz, and if I attempted to do so I would strike as many wrong notes as when I play the harpsichord. . . . As ever, Bill

□ *February 10, 1974*

Chiaroscuro Records
173 Christopher Street
New York, N.Y. 10014

Dear Mr. Buckley: Some random comments on Dick and Kenny. . . . I first got to know Dick about four years ago when he wrote me a letter asking if I would record him for another label. Sherman Fairchild was much taken with Dick's playing and wanted to make a massive set of records having Dick play the music of Fats Waller. Unfortunately, Mr. Fairchild died before the project could come about. Wellstood thought that it was just his own personal jinx at work; the same thing had happened to two people before, i.e., they wanted to record Dick and then immediately died. . . .

In the meantime I asked Dick to make a record for my little company. It was reviewed with raves by almost everyone; some were so good as to be almost embarrassing. And that was that.

Dick is one of the most respected guys around playing in a "semi-traditional" style. He would be the first choice of almost everyone I know if it came right down to it; he is not only good but he is more fun to work with than just about anyone I have ever known. Besides, I can thrash him at ping-pong between takes. More about him. He is modest, he never mentions the fact that he passed the New York State Bar exams, he has about 35 chess games going on at once by mail (although he tells me he is cutting back because it is taking too much time away from writing music), he reads chess books like a demon, has the ability to write letters in Latin, which he sometimes does as a joke, likes the music of Elliott Carter better than anyone, and races his Italian bicycle and plays tennis to stay in some kind of shape. . . . Best of luck with the notes, Hank O'Neal

□ *March 13, 1974*

Dear Bill: . . . migod, nobody expects you to do a detailed musical analysis of the flat ninths in the reprise of the second section and so on. Of course, you might do a heavy Conservative piece, e.g., *Collective Improvisation: A Marxist Fallacy*; or maybe *The Closing of Storyville: A Catholic Speaks Out.* Or how about reviving house rent parties as part of the welfare reform? The album is a fairly light-hearted one, to be called *Dick Wellstood and His Famous Orchestra Featuring Kenny Davern.* The cover will show the two of us facing away from each other amid a clutter of empty chairs and vacant music racks. . . . All the best, Dick

□ [*Excerpt from liner notes, CR 129 Audio Fidelity Enterprises, Chiaroscuro Records, New York*]

. . . If there is someone reading these notes who figures he'll buy this record or not depending on whether I can authoritatively persuade him to do so, FOR GOD'S SAKE STOP READING. Others interested in how an amateur responds to the stimulation of Dick Wellstood and Kenny Davern may go on reading, provided they have a good stomach for enthusiasm. Too much enthusiasm cloys, I guess: which is a good reason to turn me off now, and start listening to this super album.

I wrote Dick (I've met him only twice, but you have to call him "Dick," you know—call me Bill) and asked him how come he didn't use a drummer in this album. He wrote my secretary (I wasn't around) one of those cranky replies that go with self-confidence plus notoriety. "Please tell Bill the reason we didn't use a drum was that the 28 years I've spent playing in bad Dixieland bands has made me hate them. There is a challenge in this duo playing, to accompany and solo and keep everything together without a man behind you hitting things with a stick, that I find enjoyable." He doesn't mean all that about drummers, obviously; though it's true he and Kenny Davern have come out with something just about sublime, so that you find yourself thinking that if you suddenly heard a drummer creep in you'd order Curtis LeMay to blast him out of the way of this supernal duet. That isn't intended to badmouth a drummer (in particular) or drummers (in general). And since Wellstood isn't the guy to say it straight, preferring the vernacular obliquity, I will translate for him and say: You wouldn't believe it, until you heard it now, how great it is, just the piano and the soprano sax. And when you have heard it once, you will be dissatisfied only because you haven't heard it twice. I've heard it, all told, a dozen times, and I'm ready to use those big words they use in the museum notes, like This Is a Part of the National Patrimony.

. . . Dick, in person, looks as if the president had summoned him over from the teller's window and said, "Richard, you must play 'Alice Blue Gown' for

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the ladies on this 15th anniversary of our Bank." Davern looks like the imported mischief-maker, though there is something there that says he will keep the fun within limits, for old times' sake. Then it begins, and you wonder, wonder how that music, that fun, inventiveness, finish, boozy joy, can combine the way it does. Wellstood has a piano technique you get to accept as unerring, even as, after a while, you knew those jugglers on Ed Sullivan's show would never miss. You get used to that. But not to the spirit, the fun, the ingenuity. If I had written any of those songs, I'd have given the prize money to Wellstood and Davern for doing what they did with them. I like it, too, that you can listen to them absent-mindedly, and enjoy it; or you can listen to them with the concentration you use in taking bar examinations and they come at you with the quiet, joyous confidence that comes from knowing: this is the best. I hope you like it. If you don't, I'm sorry about that; sorry about you.

☐ *April 25, 1974*

Dear Bill: I had thought to live up to my putative arrogance by accepting your praises without returning thanks, but false arrogance is a drag, so: thanks. You are the best liner-note writer I've ever had. I'm too modest to write that way about me and besides I'm too busy guarding the National Patrimony (wrapped and stacked in bundles of small denominations).

I suppose jazz *is* a sort of national treasure, to be looked upon the way the Pyramids are regarded by the Egyptian coolies (or whatever they're called)—but I hope not. Jazz never existed at all, except in the minds of Critics—it was *Music* they were listening to all along, without ever realizing it, the fools. I wouldn't like ever to have to play at an American Music Festival (more probably a White Music Festival, sort of like the Scottish Games in Greenwich) as a *curiosus*, if that's a word. May God spare me Official Approval. At any rate, thanks again. May you win a Grammy. Best, Dick

☐ *March 28, 1975*

Dear Bill: . . . I followed with some interest the controversy in the pages of *Encounter* regarding the hypothetical Englishman who might ask to stroke the pussy of his New York hostess. I submit the present cassette to suggest that he should be presumed to be indeed an animal lover. It is a low-fidelity dub of a 78 called, simply enough, "Pussy," recorded by Harry Roy and His Bat Club Boys on Oriole, and sold in London only at Levy Bros, in Streatham Road in 1933.

The English can be devilishly sneaky. Best, Dick

☐ *June 1, 1976*

Dear Dick: Looking forward hugely to our date [in Stamford]. My God, those records are simply super and I am grateful to you for them. And after reading Hank O'Neal's copy, I'm ashamed of my own. With warm regards, Bill

☐ *June 15, 1976*

Dear Bill: Well shucks, *I* write better album notes than Hank O'Neal. I gave it up because the typos and misplaced paragraphs and things broke my heart.

Besides, writing is *work*. Playing the piano is fun.

Enclosed in this letter are two records I did the liner notes for. Ignore the music. . . .

☐ *July 12, 1976*

Dear Dick: I have been waiting for your statement, which is not yet here, thanks to the mail. On the other hand it would be miraculous if you made it back to New Jersey without stopping for a deep sleep somewhere. You were terribly fatigued after such a heavy day, and I felt sadistic. But then you do that to people who listen to you play. If you would simply play less well, you could go home earlier. You were in wonderful form, personally and musically, and I thank you for the pleasure.

☐ *February 28, 1977*

Dear Dick: You may not have seen the enclosed, sent to me by a friend in London.

[*Excerpts, London* Times, *February 12, 1977, "Dick Wellstood, Purcell Room," by Miles Kington*]

. . . when you play Scott Joplin, you have to play the notes he wrote. When Wellstood plays Waller's "Viper's Drag" or Johnson's "Old-Fashioned Love," you get Wellstood's reinterpretation as well, and luckily he is as good a showman as he is a pianist. That pounding left hand (just a bit too pounding, sometimes), and the glittering right hand, dripping with notes like diamonds, come as second nature to him by now, leaving him plenty of time to turn each number into a tiny tour de force.

Not just at top speed, either; his version of Johnson's "Snowy Mountain Blues" taken at that medium-slow, loping tempo that only really good players can prevent from accelerating, was as fine as anything he played all night, and as gutsy as any jazz around. So, if any television producer, or other person in charge of spotting trends, should read this, let him immediately hire the humorous and hugely talented Dick Wellstood for a guaranteed surprise success.

☐ *June 1, 1978*

Dear Bill: Many thanks for *Stained Glass*, which I will get into as soon as John Toland gets me out of Hitler's bunker.

Since I have no newly written novel to send you, I have enclosed in this letter my latest album notes. They're not bad, except for one paragraph I let get away from me upside-down. So it goes. . . .

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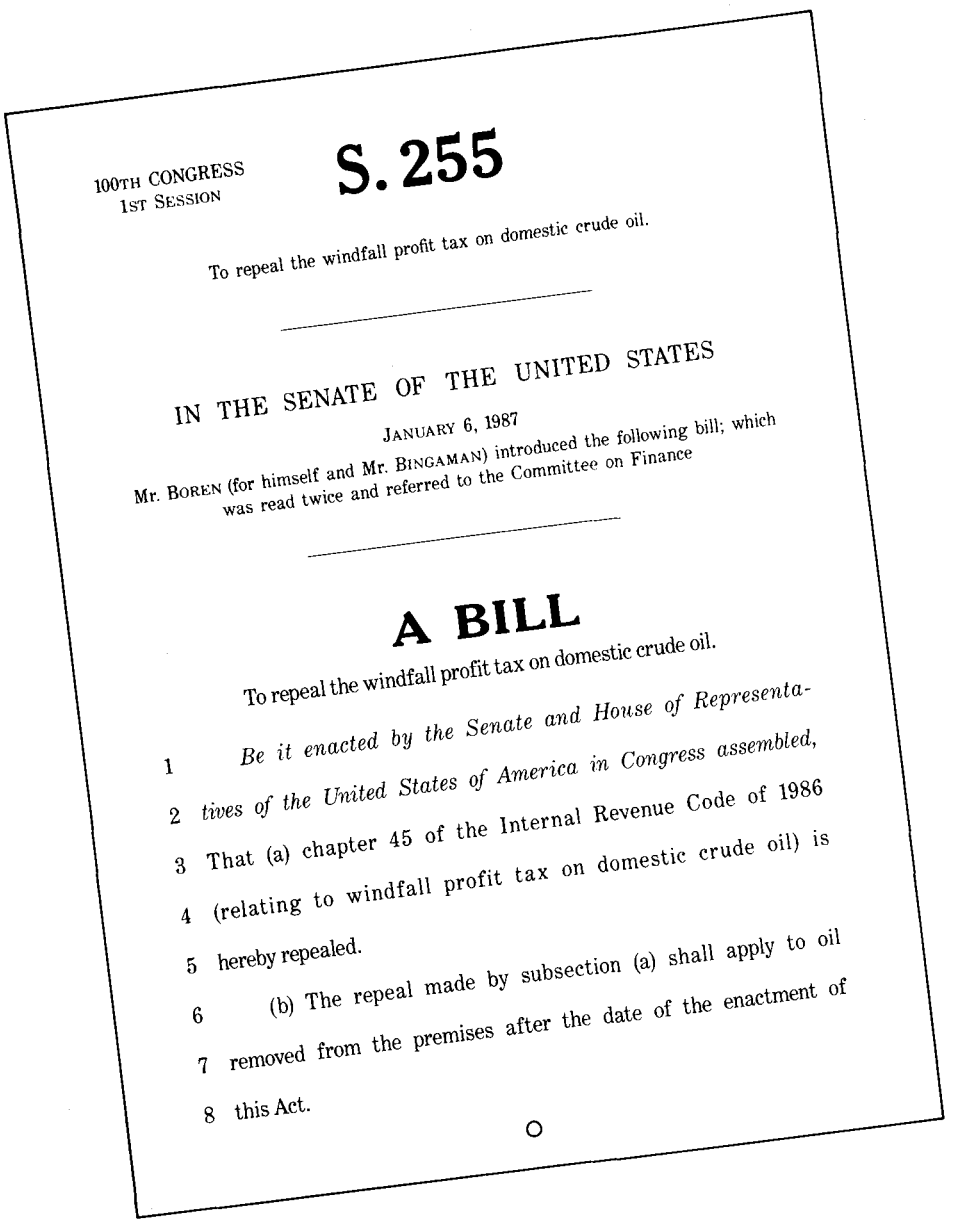

100TH CONGRESS
1ST SESSION

S. 255

To repeal the windfall profit tax on domestic crude oil.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

JANUARY 6, 1987

Mr. BOREN (for himself and Mr. BINGAMAN) introduced the following bill; which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Finance

A BILL

To repeal the windfall profit tax on domestic crude oil.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

That (a) chapter 45 of the Internal Revenue Code of 1986 (relating to windfall profit tax on domestic crude oil) is hereby repealed.

(b) The repeal made by subsection (a) shall apply to oil removed from the premises after the date of the enactment of this Act.

O

Since early 1986, the so-called windfall profit tax has been largely academic since oil prices were so low the tax produced no revenue. In fact, no revenues from this tax are in this or next year's federal budget. If oil prices continue to increase, we and other oil companies may eventually start paying such taxes on some of our oil. But whether it raises money for the federal coffers or not, the windfall profit tax should be repealed. Here's why:

● If, indeed, the government is worried about the U.S. becoming too dependent on imported oil and its effect on national security and the balance of payments, a special tax on domestically produced oil is the wrong way to go. Such a tax acts as a disincentive to exploring for and producing more oil in the U.S. at the precise moment when we should be increasing our capacity as much as we can.

● We've always referred to this impost as the "so-called" windfall profit tax because it isn't a tax on profits at all, but an excise tax on production. We've also wondered how a tax on oil not yet discovered can be a windfall. It is, pure and simple, a punitive tax levied on a single industry. It was enacted in an emotional, anti-oil environment for unjustifiable political reasons. Even worse, its very existence has a chilling effect on future investments in U.S. oil exploration and production.

It's time the tax were repealed. The bill shown above would do just that, and should be passed.

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☐ *April 1, 1980*

Dear Dick: I meant to tell you how pleased and proud I was of the profile of you in *The New Yorker.*

☐ *April 13, 1980*

Dear Bill: Glad you saw the thing in *The New Yorker.* I get only one shot at a Profile and wanted to fly a plane over the city carrying a banner announcing it, but modesty forfended (if that's still a word).

I am now playing in the back room at Hanratty's. It's a restaurant of modest accomplishment, which is to say that the food won't make you sick. . . .

☐ *April 26, 1980*

Dear Bill: I must confess that our topic [for discussion on *Firing Line*], "Why Has Rock Ousted Jazz from Public Favor?" (or whatever), seems pretty woolly:

1. I don't think that there ever was any such thing as "Jazz." There are naturally many, many Jazz Critics who would disagree with me. My opinions are iconoclastic and not very interesting, and we could waffle on about this to no great profit;

2. I don't know a great deal about Rock. I have to assume that it will be *you* who will discourse learnedly on the differences between Acid Rock, Heavy Metal, Fusion, Reggae, Soul, Disco, Punk, and New Wave;

3. Rock did not oust Jazz any more than it ousted Mozart. If anything, it ousted the Pop music of the early Fifties, singers such as Bing Crosby or Patti Page. People flock to Rock concerts but not to Jazz or Mozart. Why? Because most people are jerks.

☐ *July 13, 1980*

Dear Bill: I've changed my mind somewhat about the topic for *Firing Line.* I think it would be asking for trouble to start off with my suggested question, namely, "If Jazz Is Black Music, Where Are the Black Jazz Traditionalists?" It would get things off on a hostile tack and make me sound like a flaming racist.

I suggest instead that Billy Taylor and I discuss, say, "The Role of Tradition in American Jazz," or something similar. It would tie in nicely with our respective capabilities, as I could demonstrate the earlier Ragtime, Stride, and Swing styles and then Billy could bring it sort of up to date. Just what we would play would depend in part upon him and his theories. I imagine that three or four short numbers each would take up thirty minutes or so, and the rest would be talk. . . .

It may be that this whole business is just too arcane for your program. I don't think so—I think we'd have quite a lot of room to wander off arguing. I can't, in any event, think of anything else in my music about which I could assume the required adversary stance.

☐ *November 25, 1980*

Dear Bill: . . . Billy Taylor is of the strong opinion that "Jazz Is America's Classical Music." Most people have regarded the various forms of Jazz as mere entertainment, as Fun. In reality Jazz grew out of the social fabric of this country and reflects The American Experience in a way that the music of (e.g.) Copland does not. Copland (e.g.) is an attempt to transplant a European aesthetic. Good questions here would be:

Dick Wellstood: A Selected Discography

Early 78s
"Raggedy Anne" (Century 4002) April 13, 1947
"Prize Cakewalk"/"If You Knew" (Rampart 14) 1949
"Chicago Breakdown"/"Lewd Waters" (Rampart 15) 1949

First LPs
Dick Wellstood with Tommy Benford (Riverside RLP 2506) October 1954
Dick Wellstood and His Wallerites (Swingsville SVLP 2026) 1961

Solo Albums
Alone (Jazzology JCE 23) 1971
From Ragtime On (Chiaroscuro CR 109) 1972
Plays Scott Joplin (Pickwick Spc 3376) 1974
Live at the Cookery (Chiaroscuro CR 139) 1974
Walking with Wellstood (77 Records SEU 12/51) 1974 (UK)
This Is the One (Audiophile AP 120) 1977
Live at Hanratty's (Chaz Jazz CJ 108) 1981
Diane (Swingtime LC 8966) 1985 (West Germany)
At Café des Copains (Unison DDA 1003) 1985 (Canada)

With Kenny Davern
Dick Wellstood and His All-Star Orchestra (Chiaroscuro CR 129) 1974
Dick Wellstood and His Hot Potatoes (Seeds 3) 1976

With Others
Three Is Company (Sackville 2007) 1973 (Canada)
With Jim Galloway (clarinet) and Pete Magadini (drums)
Rapport (77 Records 77s54) 1975 (UK)
With Billy Butterfield (trumpet)
Ain't Misbehavin' (Chiaroscuro CR 183) 1978
Dick Wellstood and the Friends of Fats
Hands Full of Keys (Fat Cats Jazz 218) 1979
With Don Ewell (piano)
The Duet (Parkwood 103) 1984 (Canada)
With Bob Wilber (clarinet)
The Classic Jazz Quartet (Jazzology J 139) 1984

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What of Charles Ives or Ruggles? What of Richard Rodgers and the so-called Broadway Theater?

☐ *December 8, 1980*

Dear Bill: It seems odd to send a bill for doing something I enjoyed as much as I did playing for the assemblage on Friday night [NATIONAL REVIEW's 25th Anniversary Party], but you get mad if I don't, so here's a bill.

Conservatives certainly are a good audience. Thanks for the chance to strut my stuff.

☐ *November 8, 1982*

Dear Bill: Well.

I would buy an indulgence if I could find a priest to sell me one. [Wellstood did not appear for a private concert at WFB's house in Stamford by Rosalyn Tureck.] What else? Self-flagellation is unseemly, and sackcloth and ashes do not meet middle-class health standards. Anyway, welcome to The Wonderful World of Remorse.

The details of my cop-out violate Federal Anti-Boredom Guidelines, but a doctor gave me these pills, see, and these pills, they messed me up in the old bazoo (loc. unk.). I'm used to weakness and nervousness, but the nosebleed incapacitated me.

Anyway, the problem was not so much that we couldn't come as that we couldn't let you know because I couldn't find your Stamford phone number. It's unlisted. Sorry to miss the Tureck, of course. My fantasy is that she played better because I wasn't there to make her nervous.

Please try me again. I can be had.

☐ *May 3, 1984*

Dear Bill: . . . Here's some musical detritus from a tour I did in Germany last year with Dick Hyman. Hope you like it.

☐ [*Handwritten postcard, no date, no salutation.*] Dick Wellstood is pleased to announce that he is now living with his girlfriend in a 5-room railroad flat at: 1410 Madison Avenue, NYC 10029.

☐ *July 14, 1984*

Dear Dick: Have to level with you, I didn't much like the two-piano album you sent me. It's the genus that bothers me.

☐ *July 28, 1984*

Dear Bill: Well, to tell the truth, I don't much like two-piano jazz performances either, be it as listener or participant. But for some reason the great unwashed think they're getting more for their money, a real battle, when in point of fact the poor devils are just trying to survive. I mean, it is improvised, and you have no idea what the other guy is going to do, and you can't hear him too well because your piano drowns him out when you play, and the goal becomes to get through it all without losing your place. But the pressure is always there to do it.

Mrs. W. is fine, thank you. In fact, she is busily perusing a lovely dictionary from Mark Cross [a wedding gift from WFB] searching for words with which to tell you gracefully that her name is Diane, not Ann. The aforesaid lovely dictionary is monogrammed, AW. Perhaps I could return it and have them add SHUCKS. The best way to handle the situation is probably to bring the book next time we see you, and have you write suitable disclaimer in the front. It's *Diane*, goddammit. For years I was on a U.S. Government mailing list as R. Cacklstood. These hurts pass. I had suggested that Diane hyphenate and become Diane McClumpha-Wellstood, a sure invitation to disappointment and chaos.

Have also been doing a little of the new Francis Coppola film, *The Cotton Club*. It's all about Harlem in the Twenties and Thirties. The musicians on camera are all black. Most of the sound track has been done by whites, because young black musicians are so busy break-dancing or making rap records or playing basketball or whatever it is they're doing, that it's impossible to find any young black musicians to play the damn music that is supposed (in some circles) to be theirs. I say it ain't theirs no more. Can Thomas Sowell play the piano?

☐ *September 19, 1984*

Dear Bill: Well, I sent you a bill for the pleasure of playing for Nancy Reagan, why shouldn't I send you a bill for the privilege of meeting Nika Hazelton?

Actually, the dizzying experience of playing "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out" for an august gathering within the confines of the Union League Club [seventieth-birthday party for Ernest van den Haag] should be reward enough. But it ain't. This is a bill, Bill.

[*Enclosed.*]

For playing the piano $0.00
For listening to six speeches $250.00

☐ *October 2, 1984*

Dear Dick: You were as good as I've ever heard you. The thought that anyone could make music out of "Jingle Bells" suggests he could make music out of the United Nations. . . . I think Rictus is a perfect name for your new group.

☐ *April 8, 1985*

Dear Bill: Many thanks for *See You Later Alligator*. I am about to plunge in headlong. My father-in-law says that "alligator" is the word he mumbles at parties when he can't think of anything to say—alligator-alligatoralligator, and so on. I don't know whether I believe the theory that no one ever listens. It's an old show-biz joke to say, "F--- you very much, ladies and

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gentlemen!" at the end of the show. The only time I tried it, they understood me. Another beautiful hypothesis ruined by a nasty fact, or whatever it was that Justice Holmes used to say.

You may remember we formed a quartet which I wanted to name *Rictus*. Here it is, and two other records too. If you hate the music you might enjoy the quadripartite album notes.

Just finished six pleasant weeks in Germany, and 17 dreadful days in Bern and Zurich. The Swiss all look as though they had sent in boxtops and bought Flash Gordon uniforms. Or maybe *Star Trek*. And they all look the same and act the same, and I was glad to get out of there. Perhaps it's age.

Alles besten as always, Dick

□ *December 22, 1985*

Dear Bill: Thanks for your gracious note in regard to (or *in re*, as I have unhappily learned to say) [Wellstood had joined a law firm] the staging or lack thereof (as I've also u.l.t.s.) at the Gala. [Wellstood played ten minutes of piano at *NR*'s Thirtieth Anniversary but for various reasons could not be heard by most of the guests.] One learns to soldier on.

I must say that there wasn't a soul to report to at the Plaza, no one to tell anything to, no stage manager, no floor manager, no one to set up a sound check. I reported my identity and presence to the security people and to the lady who was ushering people in, but they didn't seem to care. I tried to remain near the stage (only being able to guess when I'd have to go on) but I got swept away to my seat in the rear of the hall by the Secret Service when the Presidential Party entered. Had I not sensed the curtain about to go up and made my way up the aisle on my own before the announcement began I would have been buried in the back of the room permanently.

As it was, I was halfway up the aisle when [Charlton] Heston [Master of Ceremonies] began. I somehow talked my way past the Secret Service, got backstage and onstage, only to come upon a piano in the dark, with its lid down and no microphone in sight. I lifted the lid, and the rest is, if not exactly history, at least a happening. What you have to do, see, is you go in low and hook up under their shoulder pads and keep your legs driving until the whistle blows.

I tell you all this not to complain, not out of any sense of outrage (I have none) or loss of dignity (I have none), but out of a sense of duty, kindness, and fairness to all—because I kept thinking, *What would have happened had I been Tureck?!* Let the staff be forewarned.

I continue to struggle with the law. One of us is winning. The fight must go on—either that or go on welfare, which I can't do because I know you'd disapprove.

There's not much work in music any more, not real work, and the few jobs I get have an autumnal, marcescent quality to them—people at parties ask us to stop playing so they can put on cassettes and dance, that sort of thing. Victor Herbert's men went through something like it when Jazz was born, and the string orchestra at Luchow's and the NBC Symphony in the Fifties, but who would think it'd happen to me? I can understand how the mere printed word would someday be made obsolete, but the bastards and their videos have destroyed music itself.

. . . *Right Reason* has just arriven (arrove?). I need all the help I can get, and approach it hopefully (for once, the good old usage). Best, Dick

---

DICK WELLSTOOD, A JAZZ PIANIST, IS DEAD AT 59

By Wolfgang Saxon

[*New York Times*, Monday, July 27, 1987]

Dick Wellstood, one of the younger jazzmen who kept the traditions alive in the years after World War II, died of heart failure Friday in Palo Alto, California, where he went to attend the Peninsula Jazz Party. He was 59 years old and lived in Manhattan.

Mr. Wellstood was highly regarded as a modern-day exponent of the stride-piano style—a boisterous, exuberant style rooted in early jazz, a form whose earliest practitioners included James P. Johnson, a pianist and composer, and his disciple, Fats Waller. Although running the gamut from ragtime to Dixieland to pop, Mr. Wellstood often adapted those forms to stride piano . . .

Mr. Wellstood was born in Greenwich, Conn. He studied the piano in Boston and New York and made his professional debut in 1946 at Jimmy Ryan's on what was once a haven for jazz in Manhattan, 52nd Street. He also appeared at Eddie Condon's and played with Sidney Bechet in the late Forties. During those years, Mr. Wellstood played the piano to pay his way through college. He later worked his way through the Columbia University Law School, from which he graduated in 1958.

. . . In 1985, a slow summer for him, Mr. Wellstood decided to put his law degree to use. He spent ten months with a law firm and returned to Hanratty's.

"The firm liked my work, and I could have stayed there," he said. "But I realized that all those years in music had ruined me for something like the law."

John S. Wilson, a music critic of the *New York Times*, noted that despite the layoff, "Mr. Wellstood's stride piano-playing was as energetic and virtuosic as ever."

Survivors include his wife, Diane McClumpha Wellstood, and four daughters by a previous marriage.

—WFB

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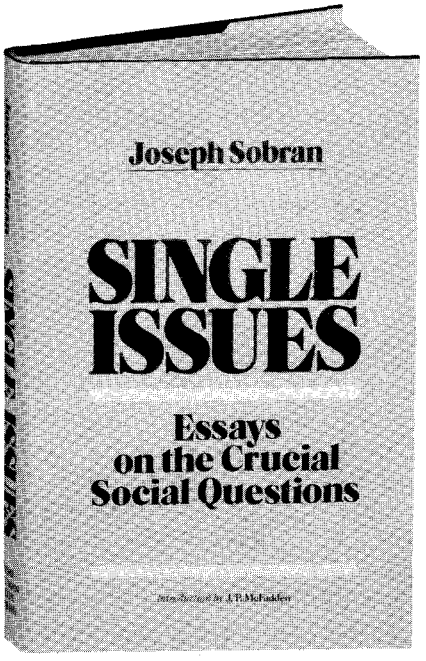

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TO RATIFY OR NOT TO RATIFY?

IT LOOKS as if Ronald Reagan will sign an arms-control deal with the Soviets this year, one that would eliminate short- and intermediate-range nuclear missiles from Europe. But it is less certain that the Senate will ratify such a treaty before Reagan's term is over.

Fifteen years have elapsed since the Senate ratified a weapons treaty. "It may languish in the Armed Services Committee the way SALT II did in '79," says the Heritage Foundation's national-security analyst, Jim Hackett. "You can't verify small, mobile missiles—either the existence or the number of them."

The State Department thinks otherwise. "Verification would be greatly simplified, since we're talking about an entire class of weapons," says a State official. But will the Soviets even agree to "simplified" on-site inspection by U.S. Government officials? In the past, it is true, U.S. scientists have been allowed to put seismic monitors on Soviet missile test sites in the Urals, but that practice was highly limited.

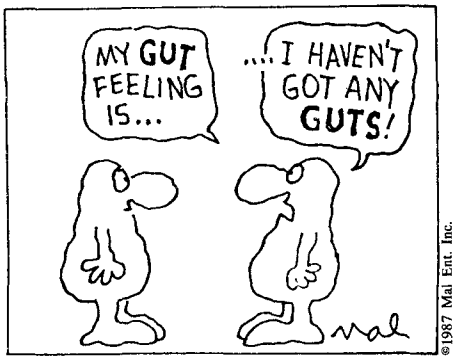
Also, as many conservatives in Washington point out, the Soviets could put enormous pressure on the U.S. for the same degree of access, and if the U.S. were to agree, our nuclear secrets might be exposed to hostile eyes. Yet, if we were not able to monitor the Russians, they would surely indulge their inveterate penchant for cheating, and would merely hide their missiles instead of scrapping them. Were that the case, the U.S. would either 1) be forced to keep its own arsenal hidden, or 2) find itself at a military disadvantage. The President's special arms-control advisor, Edward Rowny, may well be correct: "The Achilles' heel of any arms-control agreement is verification."

Senators are even more concerned about another issue, viz., without a full range of nuclear weapons deployed, what would happen to deterrence? A lot, says ex-NATO Commander Bernard Rogers. "We don't have a credible deterrent," Rogers told me succinctly, "because our conventional forces cannot deter." The Warsaw Pact is ahead of us 3 to 1, Rogers explains; hence the Administration (with the cooperation of the Allies) will need to convince the Senate that, minimally, a workable plan exists to diminish this disparity. So, for some senators, one condition of INF ratification will be that the NATO Allies promise to kick in more for defense.

NATO's residual nuclear deterrent will also undergo senatorial scrutiny. Eliminating land-based medium- and short-range missiles voids one weapons category, but there are "still left U.S. tactical aircraft," says a Hill arms-control aide. Also, senators will want to take a close look at the impact of an INF treaty on ICBMs and space weapons.

Working through this thicket of issues may delay Senate approval, but probably not block it. "If a reasonable superpower agreement is reached," says a Hill aide close to Les Aspin, "an awful lot of liberal Democrats who usually do not support Ronald Reagan will back him because they have such a yen for an arms-control deal."

As for Republicans, adds the aide, "many who are committed to Ronald Reagan—but oppose arms control—will cross their fingers, hold their noses, and vote for the deal in order to ensure Reagan's place in history." "It could be a very curious political alignment," another ranking congressional staffer muses.



All of which means that treaty critics, like Armed Services Chairman Sam Nunn, will end up standing somewhere in the middle. Nunn is still vexed at the Administration's efforts to make an end-run around the ABM treaty, and is expected to use delaying tactics to prod the Administration into taking the Senate's treaty-making role more seriously. To gum up the works, Nunn will probably ask State and Defense to collect, collate, and transfer to the Hill the mountains of paper from three sets of Geneva talks, but other Democrats will not want to hold hostage the agreement they have long called for.

DOES IT MATTER whether the Senate ratifies a treaty before Reagan bows out? Probably not. Reagan would still get the credit (blame?) for the deal. As for the 1988 presidential race, a superpower agreement would make arms control a non-issue, with the public at least temporarily content with such perceived progress toward peace. Other issues would rise in importance.

But an arms treaty would sharpen the debate on SDI. Democrats would be likely to question the necessity of spending billions on a space shield when diplomacy has proved so visibly "fruitful." The GOP thus would find it more problematic to argue for SDI, but at the same time would be better able to justify past Republican defense policy. Reagan's strengthening of the military allowed an acceptable U.S./Soviet arms treaty to be negotiated, Republicans would argue, without compromising U.S. security—while incidentally, they hope, enhancing Ronald Reagan's place in history. *Inshallah*, as the Arabs would say. □

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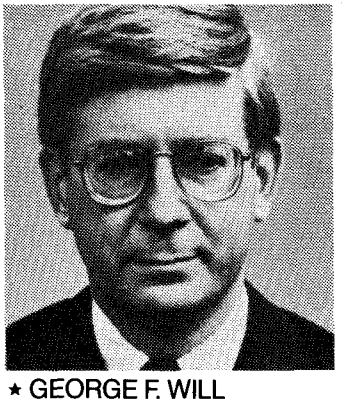

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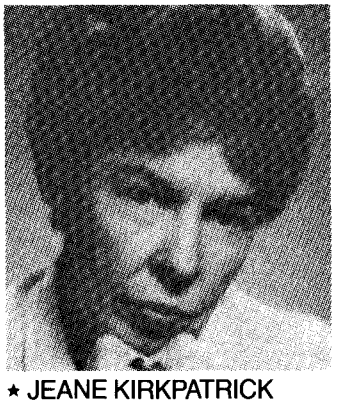

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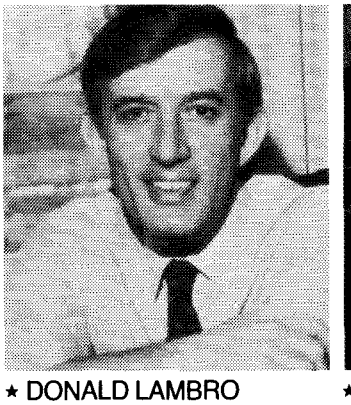

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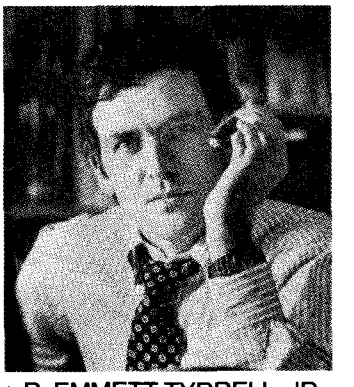

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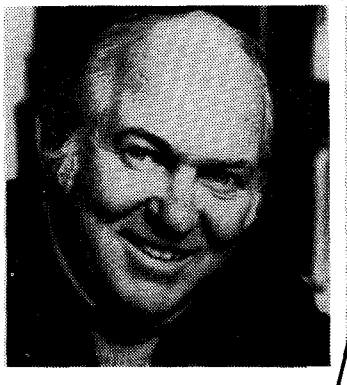

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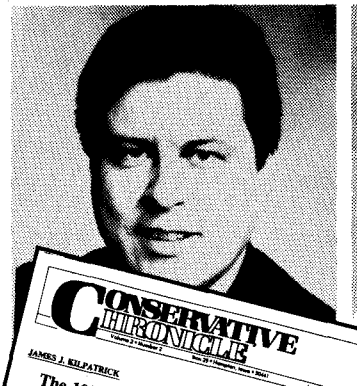

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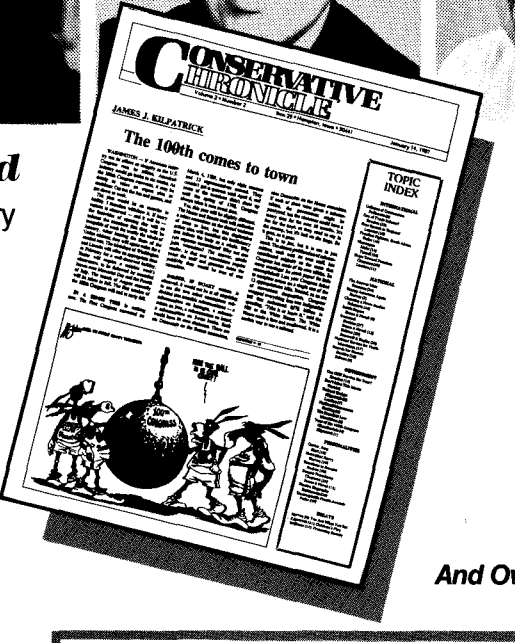

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RIVAL PLANS, RIVAL GOALS

WHY DO governments come up with "peace" plans? Let me suggest a few answers.

—Because the forces of one side have achieved such superiority that they can dictate terms to the adversary. Such was the case at the Paris Peace Conference of 1919, when the Allies dictated their terms to the defeated Germans. The Potsdam Conference in 1945 was different in kind, in that only the victors were present.

—Because one side, though not in the true sense militarily defeated, is politically and psychologically exhausted by a protracted struggle. Such was the case with France in the first Indochina war, in 1954, and with the U.S. in the second, in 1973. This amounts to conceding defeat while pretending otherwise (also known as saving face).

—Because you are afraid of getting embroiled in a regional conflict that does not directly concern you. This was the rationale of the Arias peace plan for Central America, signed by the (tiny) regional countries on August 7 and hailed—by themselves and in the Western media—as "historic." (As to that aspect, since "historic" means "history-making," let us, for now, reserve judgment.)

—Because you are confident that the antagonist whose regional policies displease you will reject the terms, thus enabling you to continue the struggle. This appears to have been the rationale for the almost simultaneous Reagan peace plan.

The President may turn out to have miscalculated, in the light of the cautious welcome his proposals received in Managua. In his skillfully worded press conference of August 6, Sandinista President Daniel Ortega described Reagan's initiative as "positive," said it "makes sense," and drew the conclusion that the next step would be a meeting between the governments of Nicaragua and the United States. In Washington, the immediate reaction was that this wasn't exactly what President Reagan had in mind.

In this respect as in so many others, the Irangate "scandal" hearings have confused the issues. A touch of inversion may help to clarify them: Imagine that Cuba, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Honduras, and the rest are all situated in Eastern Europe, and that the United States is the Soviet Union. And, of course, vice versa.

In this scenario, the wicked U.S.A. has installed a puppet government in Poland ("Cuba"), whose secret police the CIA has converted into an unconditionally obedient instrument of American policy. Washington uses Poland as its main base in Eastern Europe ("the Caribbean"). In practice, this means funneling arms through Warsaw to feed anti-Soviet insurgencies in Czechoslovakia ("El Salvador") and Hungary ("Guatemala"), and supplying capitalist ("Marxist") anti-Soviet terrorists in East Germany ("Colombia").

An alarming situation, from Moscow's standpoint, you might agree? So what does General Secretary Gorbachev do? He initiates a covert aid program to pro-Soviet forces in Czechoslovakia. He trains an insurgent army of exiled Bulgarians ("Nicaraguans") in Rumania ("Honduras") and sends them across the border into Bulgaria.

The Bulgarian puppet regime appeals to the International Court of Justice in The Hague, which is thoroughly bewildered. That isn't the kind of situation the learned judges are used to handling. All this, as you can imagine, produces a great deal of international turmoil, which, under *glasnost*, has echoes in the USSR itself.

So what does poor Mr. Gorbachev do? Does he summon the Supreme Soviet and call for an inquiry into the activities of the Politburo? Does he turn to the Central Committee? You must be joking.

Enough, then, of this fantasy. I merely wished to illustrate the enormity of the Soviet-Cuban operation in an area usually thought of as America's back yard. In the sinister reality of Moscow's East European empire, the Soviet team in power does not hesitate to use ultimate coercive force, as in East Berlin, Hungary, Czechoslovakia (in 1953, 1956, and 1968 respectively). Faced with a potentially still more worrying situation in Poland in 1981, the Soviet leaders, in their new sophistication, had a Martial Law proclamation drafted and printed in Moscow, sent hordes of additional KGB operatives into Poland to help the local security police round up fractious *Solidarnosc* trade-unionists, and (not least) disseminated a prize piece of disinformation, readily lapped up by the Western media, to the effect that the strictly orthodox, house-trained Party "General" Jaruzelski was really some kind of uncontrollable Polish caudillo anxious to keep the Red Army out of his beloved country's affairs.

THE U.S., constrained by its very nature and hemmed in by an increasingly unworkable Constitution, cannot allow itself methods of such brutal simplicity and/or duplicity. Instead, it finds itself forced, by congressional obstruction and obfuscation, to try the kind of covert action that went so absurdly wrong.

To me, as a distant observer, the supreme irony of Irangate was that Ronald Reagan knew and approved of the arms-for-hostages deal—which was against his publicly stated policy and thoroughly reprehensible—but did not know of the Poindexter/North diversion of funds to the Contras and felt obliged, in his televised speech of August 12, to apologize for it. Yet, in my view, that was the only good aspect of the whole affair, and fully justified by the legitimate needs of the Reagan Doctrine. But bungled. Ah yes, *there* was cause for an apology. □

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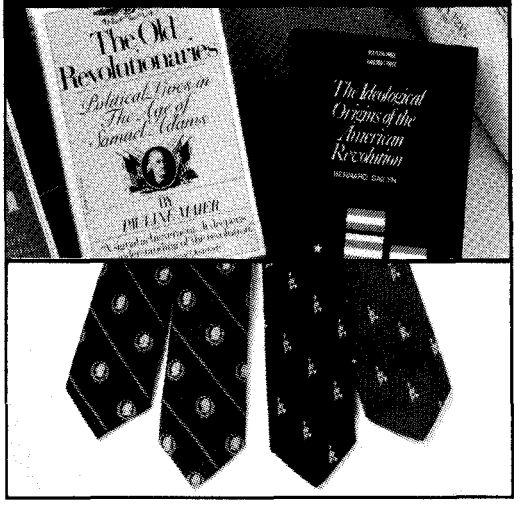
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Where Do The Homeless Come From?

William Tucker

THE EMERGENCE of a permanently homeless population in America has been viewed as one of the prime domestic failures of the Reagan Administration. While the stock market piles up "paper profits" and Wall Street waits for the next scandal, more and more people find themselves living in welfare hotels or on park benches. The free market—so the argument goes—obviously doesn't work for everyone.

At the same time, the effort to solve the problem promises a return to the budget-busting practices of the Sixties and Seventies. New York City already spends $300 million a year on the homeless, with little visible effect. Washington, D.C., is herding homeless families into welfare motels, where the city pays thousands of dollars a month in rents. On July 24 the President signed a two-year, $1-billion appropriation for aid to the homeless. The Homeless Persons Survival Act, currently before Congress, calls for spending up to $4 billion.

What is causing this destitution in the midst of plenty? There have been many explanations. Testifying before Congress last winter, Governor Mario Cuomo summed up the conventional wisdom. "The nature of our homeless population is largely misunderstood," said Cuomo. "They are the people we all know in our families and our communities, homeless only because they are unemployed, because of chronic poverty, or simply because of the nationwide shortage of affordable housing." Reductions in welfare and Social Security payments are sometimes touted as a contributing factor. Cutbacks in the federal public-housing budget are often blamed. The deinstitutionalization of mental patients is also frequently mentioned.

Self-evident as these explanations might seem, each has its problems. Unemployment reached a postwar high in 1982, just about the time homeless populations started to burgeon. Yet it has now dropped to its lowest level in 15 years with no visible reduction in homelessness. Poverty rates also rose in the early 1980s, but have since drifted downward. Still, the number of homeless rises.

Perhaps the most powerful argument against the Reagan Administration has been that the severe cutbacks in federally subsidized public-housing construction are causing homelessness. At first blush the figures seem compelling. From 1977 through 1981 the Federal Government authorized more than forty thousand units of new public housing per year. From 1982 through 1986, the average dropped to barely five thousand. Since homelessness appeared to rise dramatically in the early Eighties, these figures seem to make a prima-facie case against the austerity of the Reagan years.

The reality, however, is much more complicated. Public-housing construction is an on-going process. Units authorized in one year may not be completed for another six years or more. Here are the figures for the number of federally constructed housing units actually *completed* in each year since 1977:

Year	Units Completed
1977	5,192
1978	10,134
1979	10,763
1980	15,109
1981	32,485
1982	27,611
1983	27,041
1984	24,058
1985	19,093
1986	14,897

In short, public-housing construction peaked during the very same years that homelessness was rising.

Thus, each of the standard arguments—unemployment, poverty, public-housing cutbacks—has its flaws. An argument that has always appealed to conservatives—the deinstitutionalization of mental patients—does not hold up very well either. Across the country, cities uniformly re-

Mr. Tucker is the New York correspondent for The American Spectator. *He is currently at work on a research project on rent control for the Manhattan Institute and the Cato Institute. Dr. Jeffrey Simonoff, a professor of mathematics at New York University, performed the regression analyses.*

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port that about 25 to 33 per cent of their homeless people are mentally ill. Thus deinstitutionalization may explain, at best, a third of the problem.

IN SEARCH OF AN EXPLANATION, I have done a study of homeless populations based on the Department of Housing and Urban Development's 1984 *Report to the Secretary on the Homeless and Emergency Shelters.*

The report contained estimates of the homeless population in forty large and medium-sized cities. Using 35 of these cities, and adding 15 more as a result of my own investigation, I calculated a homeless rate per thousand for fifty major American cities. Then, through the technique of regression analysis, I compared the homeless rates per thousand to seven conceivably relevant factors: poverty rates, unemployment rates, the availability of public housing, the size of the city itself, weather conditions, rental vacancy rates, and the presence or absence of rent control.

Regression analysis measures the coincidence of each independent variable (unemployment, etc.) with the dependent variable (homelessness). If any factor correlates with homelessness—if unemployment is high where homelessness is high, for example—we can infer some kind of relation-

How Many Homeless?

THE USE OF homelessness figures from HUD's *Report to the Secretary on the Homeless and Emergency Shelters* might itself seem controversial. All estimates of homeless populations are notoriously "soft," and HUD's figures were severely criticized when originally published.

HUD's method was to collect estimates from service organizations that deal with the homeless and then use its own spot studies and comparative judgments to narrow the figures into a "most-reliable range." The service-organization estimates often differed by as much as twenty to thirty thousand. The "most-reliable" range, however, rarely spread over more than a few thousand. For the per-thousand figures, I used the midpoint of the "most-reliable" range. In the 15 cities added to the study, I tried to duplicate HUD's method by relying on reports from shelter groups, public officials, and newspaper stories.

The HUD report drew most of its criticism from advocacy groups arguing that HUD was deliberately underestimating the problem. HUD's figures projected a national homeless population of between 250,000 and 350,000, while groups like the Coalition for the Homeless in New York and the Committee for Creative Non-Violence in Washington estimated it at two to three million.

More recently, many critics—including some of the advocacy groups for the homeless—have argued that HUD actually *over*-estimated the problem. Martha Hicks, president of Los Angeles' Skid Row Development Corporation, one of the city's most active service groups, recently stated that Los Angeles' homeless population is probably closer to 11,000 than to the 32,600 HUD estimated.

The homeless advocates' original objection was that HUD had counted the number of homeless people in a given downtown area and used that figure to project numbers of homeless for the entire Standard Metropolitan Statistical Area (SMSA). They argued that SMSAs often include other sizable cities with their own homeless populations. (Yonkers, for example, lies within New York's SMSA.) I have tried to counteract this problem by using only the population of the city itself—rather than the entire SMSA—as the denominator for the per-thousand equation. Thus, my figures project a national homeless population of about seven hundred thousand.

In only three cities—Cleveland, Baltimore, and New York—did I find HUD's figures unrealistically low. According to the report, Cleveland has a per-thousand rate of only 0.8, Baltimore 0.9, and New York 4.0. For Baltimore I used another report, which doubled HUD's "highest estimate," yielding a per-thousand rate of 2.4. For Cleveland and New York I used figures that were well below HUD's "highest estimate" but slightly above the "most-reliable range." The New York figure still seems surprisingly low, considering the extraordinary visibility of the homeless in that city.

Calculating the per-thousand rates with city populations, rather than SMSA populations, may have created some of its own distortions. The homeless rates in St. Louis and Richmond, for example, may be somewhat overstated, since failure to consolidate with surrounding communities has turned both into narrow municipal islands. The rates in New York and Houston, on the other hand, may be understated because of these cities' wide municipal reach.

For general purposes of intercity comparisons, however, it does not matter whether HUD over- or underestimated the general homeless population. The only important thing is whether its methods were consistent from city to city. On that score, HUD appears to hold up well. Most cities fell within the 0.5-to-5.0 range, whereas the cities above this range are known to have severe homelessness problems. Several spot-checks among municipal officials indicated that most consider HUD's estimates to be reasonably reliable.

The only real point of ambiguity in the study was whether to count Hartford as a rent-controlled city. Hartford does not try to set a price for every rental apartment, but—along with many other Connecticut cities—practices "rent review," wherein a city board can lower a tenant's rent on request. Many people might argue that this "rent review" does not constitute full-fledged rent control.

My premise, however, is that all such market interventions have their effect—if only as harbingers of future intervention. Since so many cities in the New York–New England area have adopted rent control, I suspect Connecticut's "rent review" is perceived by developers and tenants alike as a foot in the door for further regulation.

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ship. Regression analysis—it should be emphasized—cannot *prove* cause and effect. It can only measure coincidence. Once some correlations have been discovered, however, we can theorize about what the causal connections might be.

Looking at the fifty cities (see table), ranked in order of homelessness per thousand, right away we see some interesting patterns. Miami has the highest rate in the country—a figure that may be fed by illegal Latin American immigration. St. Louis is also high, although this figure may be somewhat exaggerated by the city's narrow municipal boundaries. (See sidebar on methodology, "How Many Homeless?")

Beyond that, homelessness seems to be concentrated on the East and West Coasts. The highest concentrations are around San Francisco and Los Angeles (including Santa Monica) and in major cities of the Northeast. On the oth-

Homelessness and Some Factors Commonly Cited as Explanations

City	Homeless Per 1,000	Number Of Homeless	Percentage Of Population In Poverty	Unemployment Rate	Public Housing Per 1,000	Population (1,000s)	Mean Temperature	Vacancy Rates
Miami, Fla.	15.9	5,950	24.5	7.5	29.8	372	74	7.0
St. Louis, Mo.	11.6	5,000	21.8	8.4	14.0	429	55	8.5
*San Francisco, Calif.	11.5	8,250	13.7	6.0	10.2	712	57	1.6
Worcester, Mass.	10.6	1,700	14.4	3.7	14.1	160	52	3.0
*Los Angeles, Calif.	10.5	32,600	16.4	7.9	2.8	3,097	66	2.2
**Santa Monica, Calif.*	10.2	900	9.9	7.0	0.8	88	66	1.8
**Newark, N.J.*	9.5	3,000	32.8	5.9	41.7	314	54	2.3
*Hartford, Conn.	8.8	1,200	25.2	7.1	20.0	136	49	2.6
*Washington, D.C.	7.5	4,700	18.6	8.4	19.8	623	58	2.0
Detroit, Mich.	6.8	7,500	21.9	9.1	9.7	1,088	50	5.4
**Yonkers, N.Y.*	6.8	1,300	9.8	4.9	10.7	191	54	2.1
Chicago, Ill.	6.6	19,800	20.3	8.3	13.0	2,992	49	6.0
Seattle, Wash.	6.5	3,200	11.2	6.6	14.6	488	55	5.5
Las Vegas, Nev.	6.0	1,100	10.5	8.9	14.2	183	59	9.0
*Boston, Mass.	5.6	3,200	20.2	4.6	25.3	571	52	2.6
Richmond, Va.	5.3	1,175	19.3	5.3	20.5	219	61	5.5
*New York, N.Y.	5.0	36,000	20.0	7.4	21.5	7,165	55	2.2
Dallas-Fort Worth, Tex.	5.0	7,000	14.1	4.7	5.9	1,388	67	16.0
Denver, Colo.	4.9	2,500	13.7	5.0	9.0	504	52	14.0
Charleston, W.Va.	4.7	300	12.6	10.7	22.9	63	56	5.9
Atlanta, Ga.	4.6	2,000	27.5	5.0	35.5	426	61	9.0
Fort Wayne, Ind.	4.3	725	11.0	6.3	5.0	165	52	9.2
Portland, Ore.	4.2	1,550	13.0	7.4	5.0	366	57	5.5
Houston, Tex.	3.7	6,400	12.7	8.4	1.9	1,706	67	17.0
San Diego, Calif.	3.1	3,000	12.4	5.3	1.1	960	68	5.3
Salt Lake City, Utah	3.1	525	14.2	6.3	6.5	165	57	14.5
Little Rock, Ark.	2.9	500	14.1	5.8	16.8	170	62	6.5
New Orleans, La.	2.8	1,600	26.4	11.0	25.2	559	67	18.0
Charleston, S.C.	2.8	200	14.1	4.4	30.6	69	63	9.0
Albuquerque, N.M.	2.8	1,000	12.4	6.3	3.1	351	63	9.7
Tucson, Ariz.	2.7	1,000	14.7	5.3	2.4	365	73	12.0
Burlington, Vt.	2.7	100	11.3	3.4	9.1	37	45	6.0
Baltimore, Md.	2.4	1,900	22.9	7.0	23.2	763	55	5.4
Cincinnati, Ohio	2.3	875	19.7	7.2	20.1	370	53	8.6
Syracuse, N.Y.	2.3	380	18.4	6.7	14.9	164	47	9.5
Tampa, Fla.	2.3	650	18.7	5.0	17.1	275	67	14.7
Pittsburgh, Pa.	2.2	900	16.5	9.4	24.5	403	54	5.8
Philadelphia, Pa.	2.1	3,600	20.6	7.0	14.3	1,646	55	4.0
Birmingham, Ala.	2.0	584	22.0	7.2	24.3	280	66	7.1
Louisville, Ky.	1.9	575	19.3	6.7	21.3	290	55	7.3
Grand Rapids, Mich.	1.9	350	13.5	8.6	5.1	183	47	7.5
Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.	1.6	1,000	12.4	4.5	17.9	624	42	6.1
Milwaukee, Wis.	1.6	1,000	13.8	6.4	7.5	621	45	6.0
Providence, R.I.	1.6	250	20.4	4.9	15.5	156	51	5.0
Cleveland, Ohio	1.4	800	22.1	12.4	22.5	547	50	6.5
Phoenix, Ariz.	1.2	1,050	11.1	5.1	2.4	853	72	12.2
Kansas City, Mo.	0.9	400	13.2	4.6	6.0	443	55	7.2
Charlotte, N.C.	0.8	275	12.4	3.7	12.7	331	59	8.8
Lincoln, Neb.	0.7	135	8.9	3.6	1.4	180	50	6.5
Rochester, N.Y.	0.6	150	17.5	7.0	10.4	243	48	9.0

*Asterisk indicates cities with rent control.
Italicized cities were *not* included in original HUD study.

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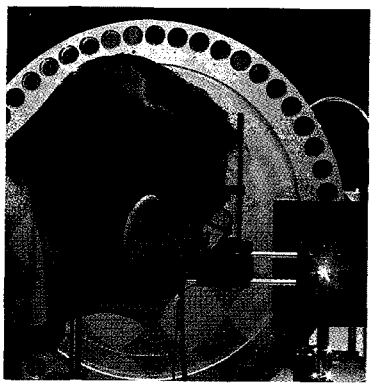
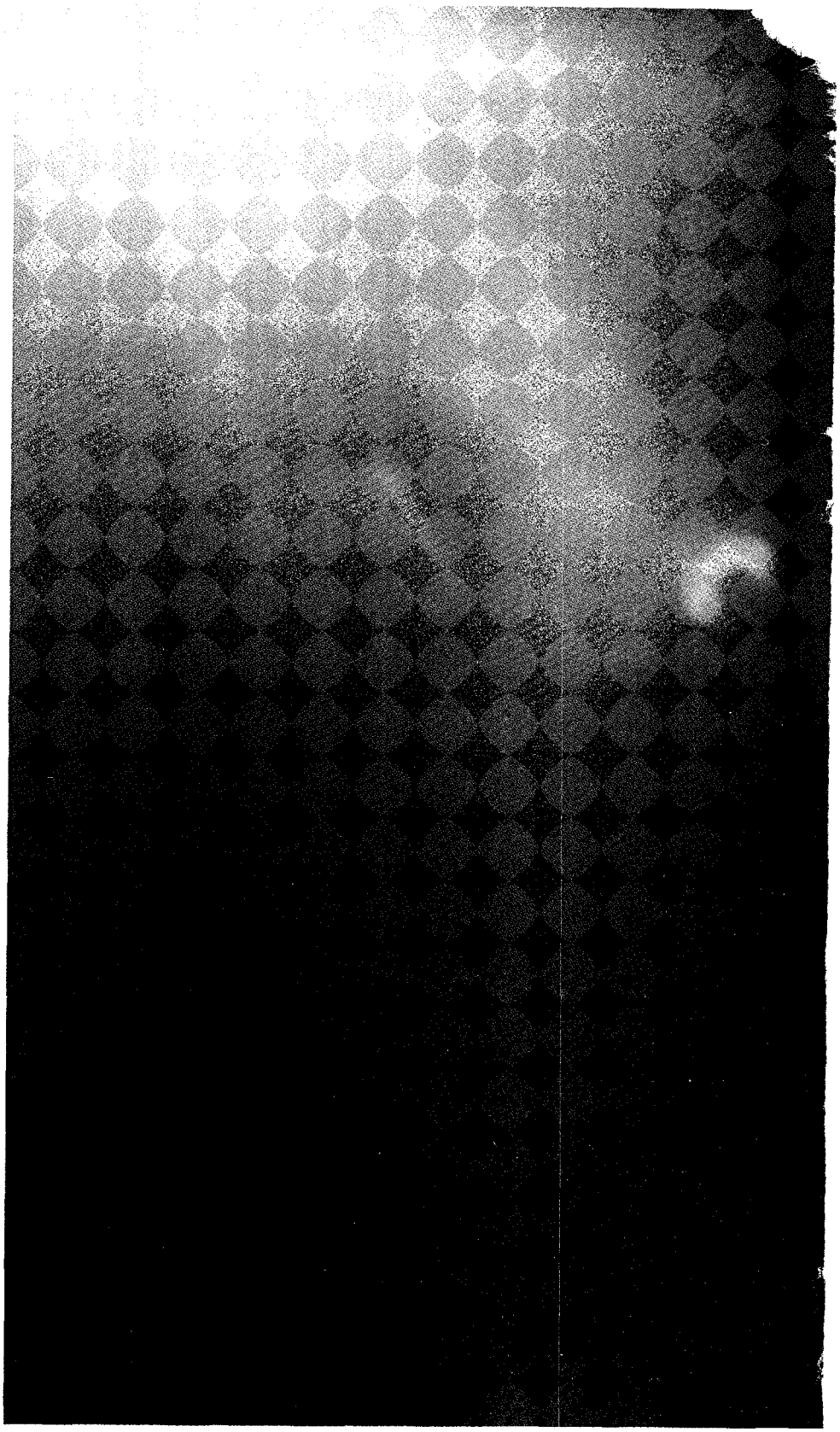


"My job is to plug spacecraft into the sun."



"Space travelers will require dependable electricity for some of the same reasons you do — warmth and light, for example. And scientific and communications equipment operations in space will require increasing amounts of electrical energy. We've created a new kind of solar cell that provides electrical energy 50 percent more efficiently than today's solar cells and that will last longer in the space radiation environment. The long-term potential for these advanced solar cells also could make life on earth more pleasant. Solar cell technology

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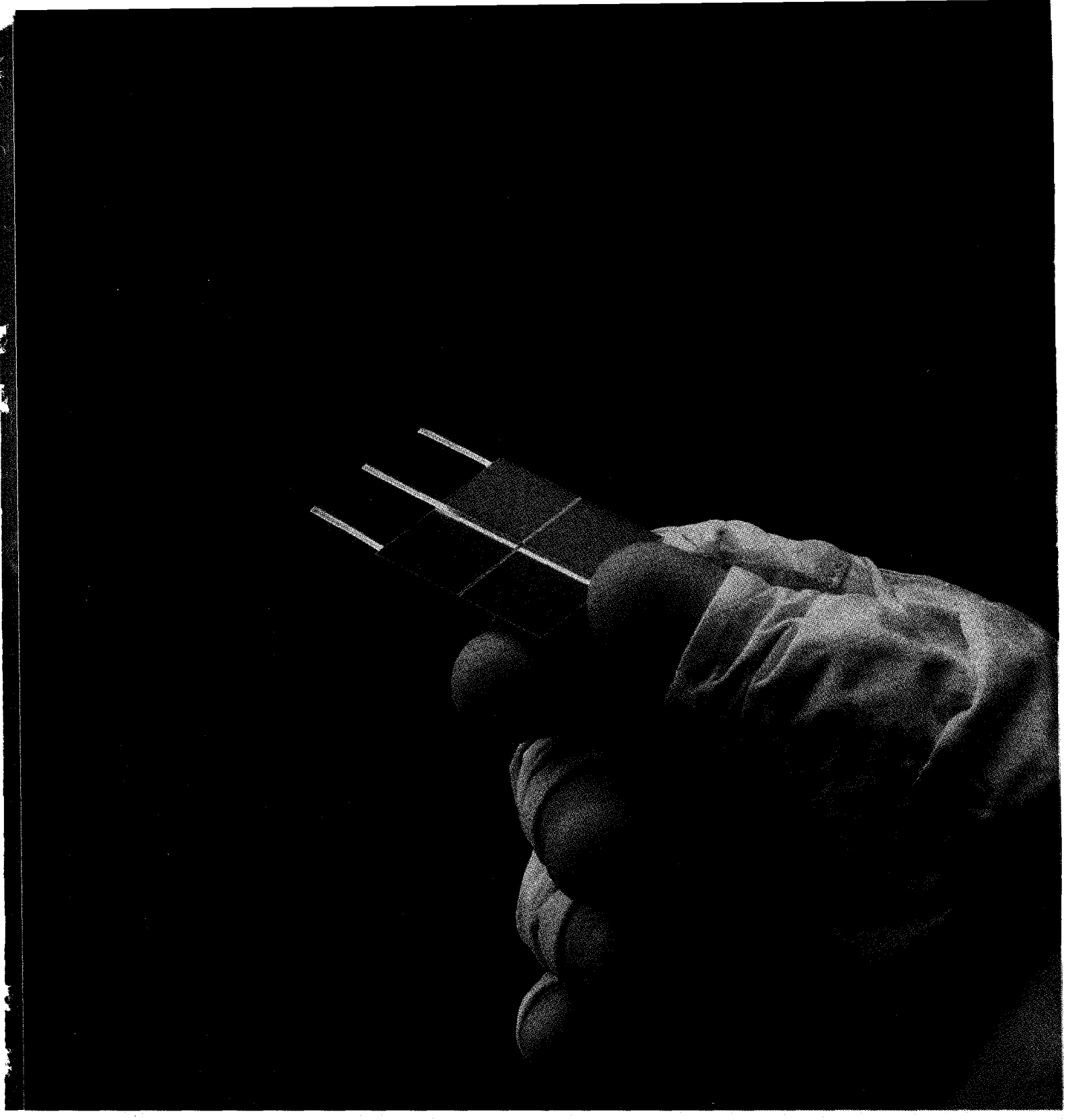

may one day fulfill the dream of environmentally sound, limitless, and low-cost energy for homes, stores, offices and factories."

— Dr. Walter E. Devaney
Research Scientist
Boeing Electronics Company

At Boeing, we're sharing knowledge and integrating systems throughout the company to create high-quality products and services. In aerospace, computer services, electronics and aviation. You can trust the people at Boeing to do it right.

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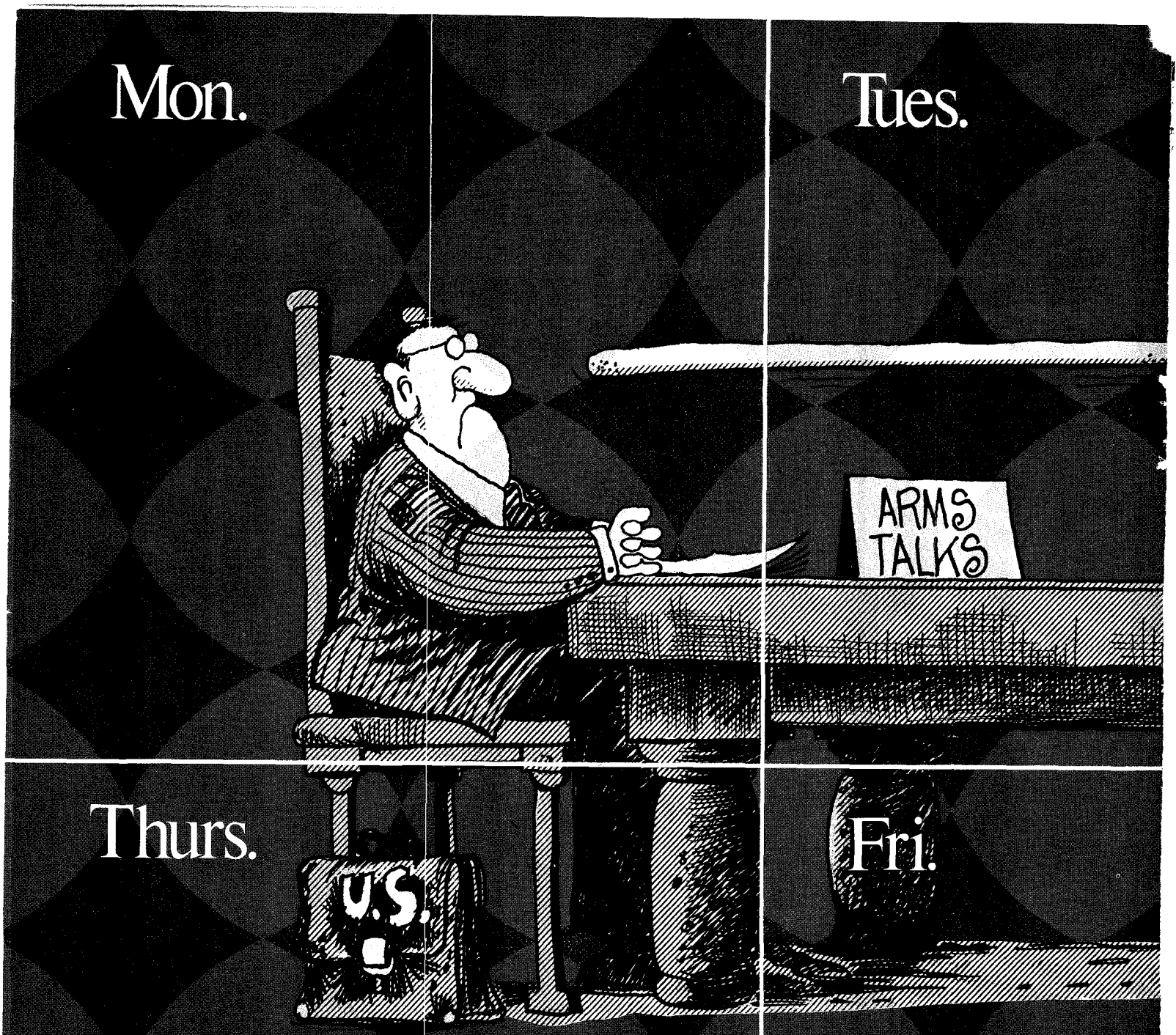

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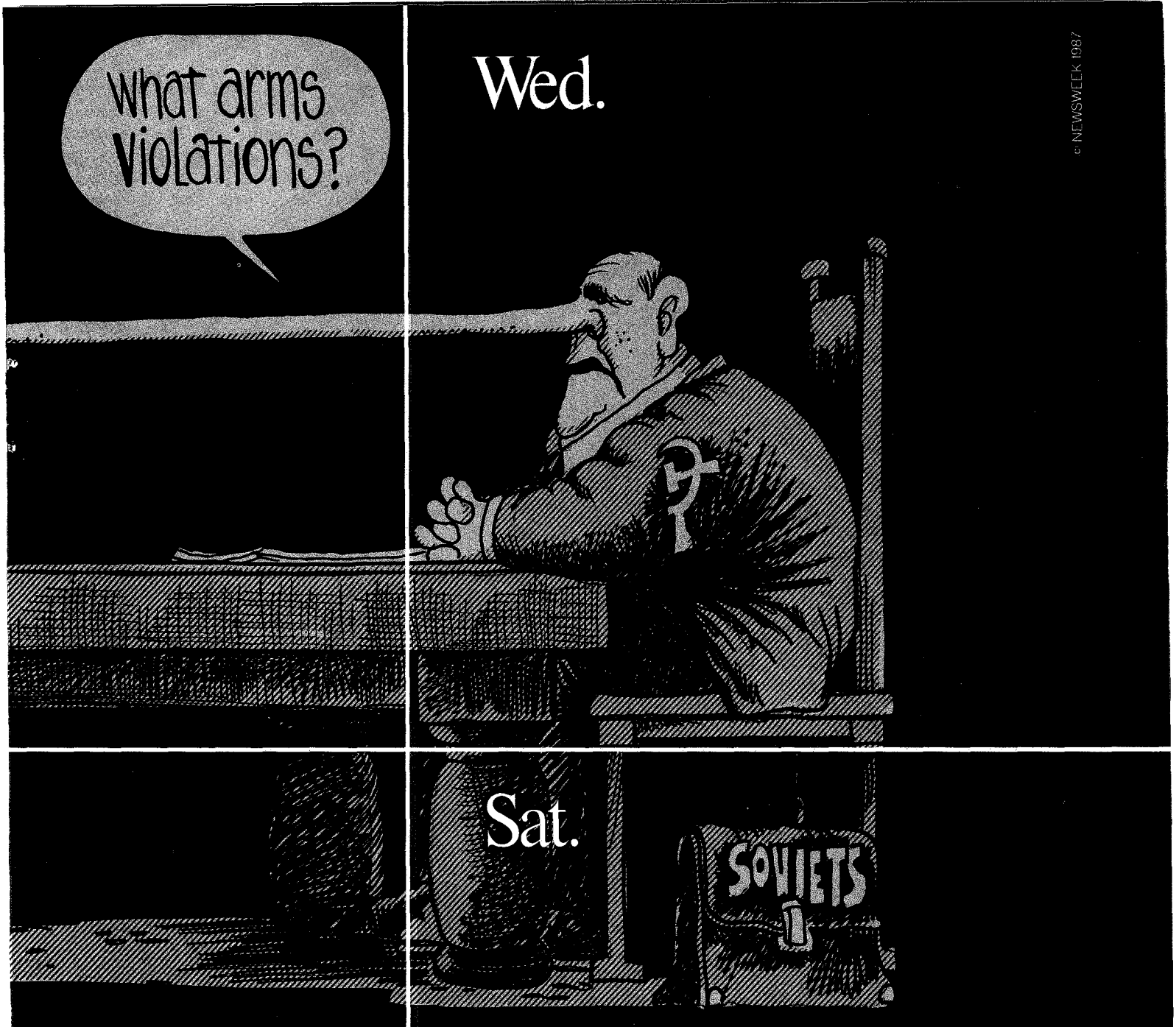

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Newsweek

Why it happened. What it means.

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er hand, the "Rust Belt" cities of the Midwest and the "Oil Bust" cites of the South and Southwest do not have particularly high levels of homelessness.

Within this pattern there are some notable exceptions. While most Northeastern cities are high, Philadelphia and Baltimore are relatively low. On the West Coast, San Diego—the eighth-largest city in the nation, with a major influx of illegal Mexican immigrants—has less than one-third the homelessness of Los Angeles and San Francisco.

The median rate of homelessness for these fifty cities is 3.1 homeless per thousand—a rate shared by both San Diego and Salt Lake City. Nearly 70 per cent of the cities fall between 0.5 and 5.0 homeless per thousand, with only a handful of cities above this range.

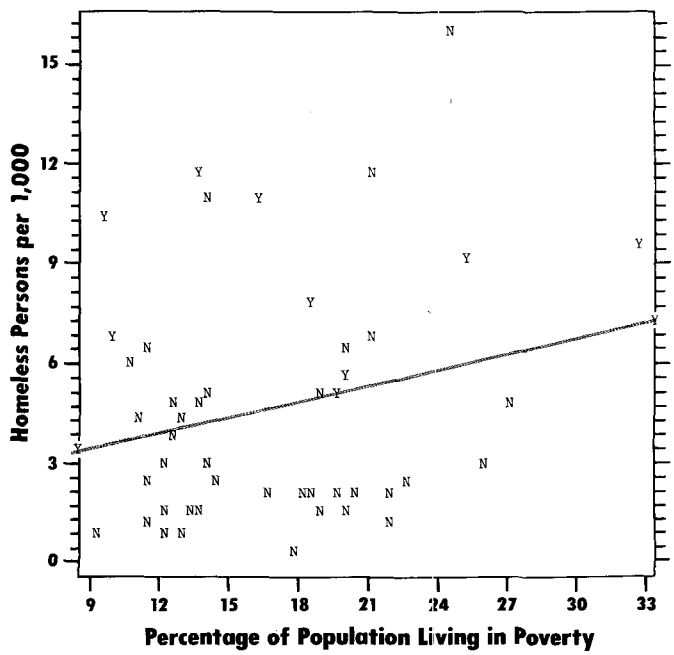
Let us now begin by analyzing the standard explanations of homelessness to see how they hold up. The table on page 35 shows to what extent factors often considered possible explanations for homelessness apply to each city. Let's look first at one of the most common explanations —*the poverty rate.*

Obviously, most homeless people are poor people. But is poverty itself the deciding factor in driving people from their homes? If it is, then a regression analysis should show that differences in poverty rates among cities correlate with differences in rates of homelessness.

We are working with 1984 homelessness figures, but the latest figures identifying the percentage of poor people in each city are from the 1979 census. This is disappointing, but not a severe problem. Poverty rates generally do not fluctuate as rapidly as some of the other factors we will be looking at, such as unemployment.

The regression analysis proceeds by placing our fifty cities on a graph that plots homelessness against poverty. The distribution of cities (the Y's and N's on Graph 1) yields a "correlation coefficient," the slope of which is represented by the line displayed on the graph. The maximum range of correlation is from 1.0 to -1.0. A correlation coefficient of 1.0 would mean homelessness occurs whenever poverty occurs; -1.0 would mean homelessness occurs only when poverty does not occur, both powerful relationships. A correlation coefficient of 0.0 would indicate that the relationship of poverty and homelessness is completely random. Numbers close to zero are "statistically insignificant." That is, given the imprecision of the data, they are so close to complete randomness that they cannot be considered to have any explanatory power.

Graph 1



The correlation coefficient of poverty and homelessness, according to our analysis, is .231. Squaring this figure, we get the percentage of the variation in homelessness that can be explained by poverty, about 5 per cent.

This figure is quite low, but might just be considered significant except for one other factor, which statisticians call the "P value." Note the distribution of N's and Y's on the graph. In the case of a significant result, these points should cluster around the line, not necessarily closely, but noticeably. In this case they aren't clustering very noticeably. The P value is .107; it should be lower for a significant result. Given that the correlation coefficient is pretty low anyway, we can consider the result here to be not significant. This does not mean—it should be reiterated —that poverty does not ever cause homelessness, or that homeless people are not poor. It does mean that differences in homelessness among cities cannot be explained by the differences in their poverty rates.

How about another common explanation—unemployment? In this case we have 1984 figures. To save space I haven't displayed the graph this time, but plotting homelessness against unemployment rates yields a correlation coefficient of .121. Thus less than 2 per cent of the variation in homelessness can be explained by variations in unemployment, clearly a statistically insignificant result.

Another common explanation for homelessness has been the cuts in the federal budget for public housing. As already noted, this argument does not really hold up, since the completion of public-housing units has proceeded apace. Nonetheless, we can measure the impact that existing public housing is having on homelessness rates. But when we do the regression (the data on public housing are shown in the table on page 35; once again I will omit the graph for space), we find that the correlation coefficient is but .156, suggesting that there is a 2.4 per cent correlation between differences in the availability of public housing and differences in the homelessness rate, clearly insignificant. (And even that 2.4 per cent runs the wrong way—the more public housing, the more homelessness.)

Or how about the "big-city effect"? Shelter groups often report that, as a last measure of desperation, people who have lost their jobs or homes pick up and head for the nearest large city. Yet plotting homelessness against city size yields a coefficient of only .108, for a correlation of 1 per cent, again insignificant.

So far, our comparisons have revealed nothing positive. This could mean that the conventional explanations do not work. It could also mean that data on homelessness are so amorphous that nothing useful can be extracted from them. Until we are able to find some kind of correlation at some point, it will be difficult to tell one way or the other.

So let us try a much more prosaic explanation—the weather. After all, a number of Sun Belt politicians have argued that there has been a migration of the homeless to gentler climes. It thus makes sense to ask whether the

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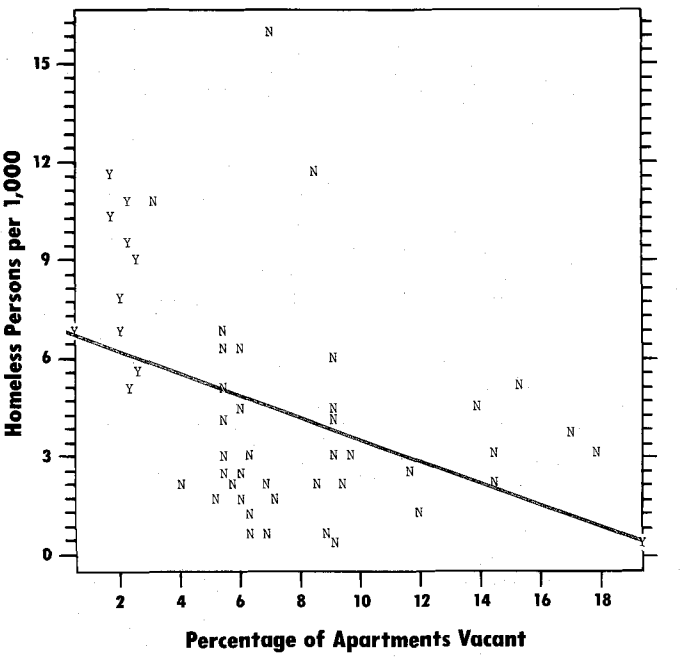
wide variance in mean annual temperature among our fifty cities correlates with the variation in homelessness. Doing the regression we come up with a coefficient of .194, suggesting that the difference in mean annual temperature accounts for about 4 per cent of the variations in homelessness. This is a marginally significant result, but the P value is too high (.177). Though the possibilities were intriguing, in itself temperature looks insignificant.

One more factor that common sense would tell us might be having an effect on the number of homeless is the availability of private housing. (See sidebar, "Squeezing the Poor.") Since lower-income people almost always rent their homes, we will use the rental vacancy rate as the indicator. (See Graph 2.) Here we have a highly significant correlation. The coefficient is .387, suggesting that the vacancy rate accounts for 15 per cent of the variation—cities with lower vacancies having more homelessness. Put another way, a 1 per cent decline in the rental vacancy rate is roughly associated with a 10 per cent increase in homelessness in any city.

The vacancy effect suggests we should try one final factor: the presence or absence of rent control. Nine cities in the study—New York, Boston, Hartford, Washington, Newark, Yonkers, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Santa Monica—practice some form of rent control. In Graph 3 (page 43), non-rent-controlled cities are aligned on the left and rent-controlled cities on the right.

Remarkably, rent control, with a correlation coefficient of .521, turns out to be the single most important factor for predicting homelessness. All by itself it accounts for 27 per cent of the variation among cities. The presence of rent control is associated with an increase in homelessness of *250 per cent.*

Graph 2



NB: The higher the vacancy rate, the lower the homelessness rate.

It's also possible to do the regressions by combining variables—say, unemployment and temperature—to see if they amplify or detract from each other's significance. Sometimes a variable that is actually significant will, when run alone, appear insignificant; running it with another

Squeezing the Poor

SINCE THE closing years of the Carter Administration, federal housing policies have undergone a dramatic change, from a strategy of building huge, federally financed "projects" to one of distributing housing "vouchers" to individuals.

Housing vouchers and certificates—on the pattern of food stamps—allow the poor to find their own housing in the marketplace. HUD issued 169,000 new vouchers and certificates in 1980; the Reagan Administration cut the number to 105,000 in 1985. Since each voucher or certificate has a life of five to 15 years, however, their availability has been constantly increasing. Only the annual *rate* of increase has changed.

Unfortunately—as almost no one has recognized—this new strategy is on a collision course with municipal rent control.

Vouchers give the poor better buying power in a specific area—housing. In theory, this should stimulate new housing construction. In fact, this is exactly what happened in two lengthy voucher experiments in South Bend and Green Bay during the 1970s.

In rent-controlled cities, however, the constriction of price movements prevents the news of this new demand from being passed through to suppliers. Thus, the increased buying power of the poor does not encourage new construction—it only forces up black-market prices (bribes, "key money," etc.), or leaves the poor with vouchers that buy nothing.

This phenomenon has already become widespread. Writing in *Common Cause Magazine* (March/April 1987), Teresa Riordan noted: "Even critics of vouchers admit that, *theoretically* anyway, their simplicity is beautiful. The flaw in relying heavily on vouchers, critics say, is that, regardless of how things look on paper, in certain regions of the country there is a problem of *availability* of housing. . . . In extremely tight markets like New York City or Boston the vouchers frequently can't be used because there is no low-income housing to be found, period. There, vouchers and certificates can be like 'Confederate money.' . . . In Boston in the past five months only 38 per cent of those assigned certificates have found housing. HUD estimates that nationally one-quarter of all vouchers and certificates issued go unused each year."

Unfortunately, Miss Riordan—like many other advocates—fails to recognize the root of the problem. Boston and New York, of course, have rent control.

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variable can filter out some statistical interference and show a truer picture. I reran every possible combination of the seven factors we've gone through as well as some others, but discovered only two noteworthy results. First, when temperature and rent control are run together, temperature becomes significant, explaining an additional 4 per cent of the variation in homelessness.

When we run rent control and vacancy together, an even more remarkable thing happens. The vacancy factor essentially disappears. Once rent control is factored into the equation, vacancy rates add nothing more.

A quick look at the vacancy rates given on the table on page 35 indicates why this should be true. *The nine rent-controlled cities have the nine lowest vacancy rates.* No city with rent control has a vacancy rate *over* 3.0 per cent, and no city without rent control, except Worcester, has a vacancy rate *under* 4.0 per cent. Here are the 11 cities with the lowest vacancy rates:

City	Vacancy Rate
San Francisco	1.6
Santa Monica	1.8
Washington	2.0
Yonkers	2.1
Los Angeles	2.2
New York	2.2
Newark	2.3
Boston	2.6
Hartford	2.6
Worcester	3.0
Philadelphia	4.0

Thus the rent-control factor *is* the vacancy factor. The wide variations in vacancy rates among cities without rent control—from 4 per cent in Philadelphia to 18 per cent in New Orleans—do not affect homelessness. These variations apparently represent only normal fluctuations of the housing market. (See sidebar, "The Chicken or the Egg?" for an explanation of Worcester's low vacancies.) Only where rent control has been imposed do vacancies become *pathologically* low, with a consequent escalation in homelessness.

That rent control should be the most reliable indicator in predicting high levels of homelessness would come as no surprise to most economists. In a 1984 survey of more than two hundred economists, published in the *American Economic Review*, only 1.9 per cent disagreed with the statement: "A ceiling on rents reduces the quantity and quality of housing available." This level of disagreement was the lowest among 27 issues surveyed.

Most laymen, however, still have trouble grasping the situation. When presented with New York's 300,000 abandoned apartments—the result of forty years of rent control—they have no trouble understanding that city's housing shortage. But what about San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Santa Monica? They are not the South Bronx, littered with burnt-out buildings. Why should they have a high level of homelessness? (Santa Monica, with probably the strictest rent-control ordinance in the country, is often called "The Homeless Capital of the West Coast.")

There are several reasons. First, builders unquestionably stop building once they confront rent control. After Los Angeles adopted rent control in 1979, for example, the city's newspapers were filled with stories of builders moving their operations to Arizona and Texas. Thus, new housing supplies diminish.

Cities often think they can avoid this consequence by leaving new construction exempt from the regulations. But this produces its own effects, which only exacerbate the situation.

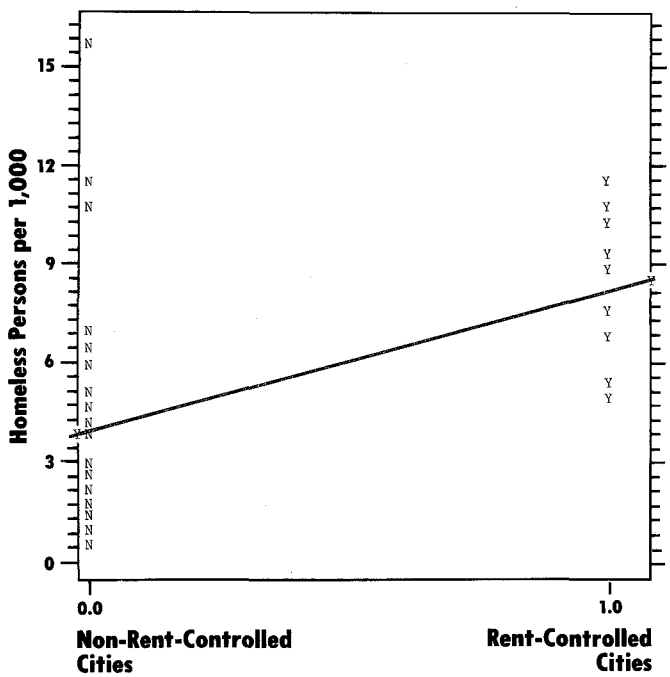
To begin with, savvy builders are rarely fooled by "new-construction exemptions." They know they will only be temporary. New York exempted all new construction when wartime rent control was made permanent in 1947. The exemption lasted until 1969, when tenant pressures led the city government to "recapture" (the city's own word) all postwar construction and bring it under "rent stabilization." Once again, new buildings were left unregulated. This second exemption lasted only five years, until the city once again "recaptured" new construction. It is still possible to build new rental apartments outside rent control in New York, but few builders rise to the bait. By the same token, while Dallas, with a 16 per cent vacancy rate, added 11,000 new housing units last year, San Francisco, with one of the nation's worst housing shortages, added only two thousand.

But the loss of new construction, plus the deterioration of old housing, is still only one side of the equation. The other involves consumers' reactions to the regulations.

Typically, a city will leave some part of the market unregulated, subtly trying to shift the burdens to newer tenants. Thus, Boston and Los Angeles both practice "vacancy decontrol," which permits vacated apartments to take a one-time jump to market values.

These gimmicks only channel pent-up demand into the unregulated sectors. As a result, rents in these sectors

Graph 3



Y's here and throughout indicate rent control; N's, no rent control. Here the Y's and N's are distributed on the extremes of the horizontal axis because Rent Control = 1 and No Rent Control = 0. The important point to note is the relative vertical distributions of the two groups.

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soon rise *above* their normal market levels. Anyone trying to move from one apartment to another will find himself giving up a below-market rent for an *above*-market rent. The difference can often amount to $600 a month for virtually identical apartments.

As a result, *nobody moves*. "Housing gridlock" develops, with people desperately hanging on to too-large or too-small apartments because they are cheap. Even when people leave town they hang on to the old apartment if they can, keeping it as an "office" or a pied-à-terre. (Paris gave us the term, after adopting rent control "temporarily" during World War I.)

Perhaps most important, housing gridlock blocks the process of "filtering," whereby once-expensive housing eventually becomes available to the poor. Harlem, after all, was not built for the poor, or for blacks—it was built as luxury housing. With rent control, however, this filtering process grinds to a halt. As Seymour Durst, Manhattan's 73-year-old developer-philosopher, puts it: "We've got plenty of low-income housing in New York. We've just got upper-income people living in it."

All these behavioral changes add up to a "housing shortage." But the effects of this shortage are not equally distributed. People with longstanding tenancy in regulated apartments will live year after year at remarkably low rents, proclaiming to one and all that rent control is a "great deal." Others, however, will find almost nothing available.

It is these other people "at the margin"—those who have just arrived in the city or have been forced to abandon their old lodgings—who will bear the full brunt of rent control. From these marginal ranks—not surprisingly—has come the nation's homeless population.

THE MODEL for homelessness suggested by these figures, then, goes like this. In almost every American city there is a hard core of homeless people—about 3.1 people per 1,000. Probably one-third of these people would have been in mental institutions twenty years ago. The rest are victims of poverty, unemployment, alcoholism, drug addiction, and the vagaries of life. Among these people, there has been some migration to warmer climates. A few may be living in the street "by choice," but the vast majority are not. These people need social services.

Truly widespread homelessness does not occur, however, until a city imposes rent control. At this point, all the people living in marginal circumstances suddenly find themselves confronting a "housing shortage." Because of the way the benefits and adversities of rent control are distributed, the poorest and least capable tenants usually find themselves bearing the brunt of its ill effects. This pushes homelessness to pathological levels—about two and a half times what it would be without rent control.

Unfortunately, rent control has now been adopted by a number of major cities on the East and West Coasts. Although large numbers of tenants in these cities—perhaps even the majority—may reap some benefits, the adverse effects are being concentrated on a small but highly vulnerable minority. Unless these cities can be persuaded to give up rent control, the ranks of this minority—the homeless—will continue to grow. □

The Chicken or the Egg?

SUPPORTERS of rent control will undoubtedly want to argue that the connection between rent control and homelessness works the other way. Cities impose rent control *because* they have low vacancy rates and rising homelessness.

Beguiling as this argument may sound, it is demonstrably untrue.

When over two hundred American cities and towns opted for rent control in the 1970s, nearly every one was acting in response to *inflation*, not housing problems. Municipal officials argued that rent control was the cheapest and easiest way to protect tenants from rising prices. The "housing shortages" only came later.

Newark, for example, imposed rent control in 1972 in response to inflation. As late as the 1980 census, the city's vacancy rate still stood at a healthy 6.5 per cent. Only as rent control gradually worked its way through the housing market have vacancies sunk to 2.3 per cent.

Boston has had the same experience. Rent control was imposed in 1972—again in response to inflation. By 1980 Boston's vacancy rate was still at 7.5 per cent. Since then it has dropped to 2.6 per cent. New York's vacancy rate was 8 per cent when rent control was imposed "temporarily" during World War II. It has never been as high since.

Temporary dips in the vacancy rate are common in most cities. Only when rent control is imposed do these temporary drops turn into permanent descents.

San Diego, for example, saw its vacancy rate fall below 4 per cent during the early 1980s. Worries of a "housing shortage" surfaced, and a rent-control referendum was put on the ballot. Voters rejected it by a 2 to 1 margin, however, and developers responded with a construction binge that sent vacancies back up over 6 per cent. Thus, despite its proximity to Tijuana, San Diego has not had a serious homelessness problem.

"Growth control" also appears capable of producing housing shortages. In fact, growth control and rent control often go hand in hand. A city will impose a building moratorium for "quality of life" reasons, then discover it is driving down vacancies and pushing up rents. Rent control is then adopted to "solve" the problem.

Worcester—the only non-rent-controlled city in the study with abnormally low vacancies—has had a powerful "growth control" movement for several years, and recently imposed a year-long building moratorium. Since Boston, Cambridge, and several other Massachusetts cities already have rent control, developers may have become wary of the Worcester market. Thus, even without rent control, Worcester has managed to create low vacancy rates and a severe homelessness problem.

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BORN-AGAIN BRADLEY?

WILLIAM WARREN BRADLEY, the senior senator from New Jersey, is not running for President, but not for lack of urging. *The New Republic* gets a buzz on in his presence. RUN, BILL, RUN was the sober headline of a paean their political reporter, Fred Barnes, wrote last summer. "Bradley," said Barnes, "is a liberal who can win." Albert Hunt, the *Wall Street Journal*'s Washington bureau chief, thinks he's "more ready to govern" than any of the present hopefuls. Bradley, says Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young, "is talking about the issues that are 1988 issues."

Bradley's fans have not been seduced by style. "Great mind. Joe Palooka voice," was how one Senate aide expressed the common verdict. Bradley would never be mugged, his Knicks teammates used to say, because he looked as if he'd been mugged already. Bradley, I wrote when he first ran for office in 1978, "has the presence of a gaffed fish."

To see how the presence was doing nine years later, I went up to Hanover, New Hampshire, when the grass was thick with daisies and devil's paint brushes, to watch Bradley give the commencement address at Dartmouth College. Short for a basketball player but tall for a mortal, he looked out over the straw hats with emerald green hat bands resting on the heads of the class of '37, to the crowd in shirtsleeves and short skirts, feathering out over the hot, summery green. His presence has improved—some. He speaks in a steady singsong, as regular as a leaky faucet. His accent reflects his background, Missouri run through New Jersey: a flat twang, with a few drawled *i*'s, overlaid by swallowed consonants.

If you think political rhetoric is bad, you should hear commencement rhetoric. And if you think *that's* bad, you should have heard Bradley's. "History teaches . . ." ". . . changing rapidly . . ." "life is a matter of choices" "in short . . ." For this, parents pay $50,000? And yet, and yet. What was "changing rapidly" was the world, and it was doing so by becoming smaller. Predictable stuff, and one instance he cited of an important event in the new small world—the struggle of blacks in South Africa—was totally so. But he also chose to mention, somewhat originally, the return to democracy in Argentina. Again: Gorbachev wants to modernize his country. So we've heard. But Bradley explained the bind Gorbachev is in: "Decentralized economic power erodes centralized political power." Hayek wrote a book about it. Bradley ended with a question. How does one weigh the conflicting obligations of freedom and community? His obligation as a Democrat is to choose compassion *über alles*. But, he added, if taxpayer dollars are spent for compassionate purposes, "can you be sure the dollars are fairly raised and productively spent?"

For all the clichés and formal constraints, it was, in short, a quintessential Bradley performance, the kind that keeps his reputation rolling: the speech of a man who might be more intelligent than he sounds.

BRADLEY'S reputation was set in motion by his key role in the four-year fight to rationalize the tax code.

Milton Friedman years ago proposed a tax form simple enough—flat rate, no deductions—to fit on a postcard. Bradley began to work seriously on the subject of tax reform in 1981. That was the year of the watered-down Kemp-Roth bill, which mandated three cuts in marginal rates totaling 25 per cent. Bradley was the only member of the Senate Finance Committee to vote against it. But he was also unwilling to let Reagan have the tax issue to himself. Bradley embarked on a series of private lunchtime seminars, conducted by a team of economists and tax lawyers starring Joe Minarik of the Congressional Budget Office. The twin goal was to teach Bradley the ins and outs of the current system, and to come up with something better.

The problems were obvious. The federal tax code, as Bradley would write in his book *The Fair Tax*, was twice as long as the Bible. There are more tax accountants and examiners than college English teachers, or Air Force and Marine Corps reservists.

The breakthrough of the seminarists came when they perceived a direct relationship between rates and deductions. Where deductions are numerous, the effective tax base is small. Therefore, high rates are necessary to bring in revenue. But if deductions are few, the base increases, and rates may be lowered correspondingly. Bradley's visual aid—his answer to the Laffer curve—was the Bradley block. A match box can be laid flat (large base, low rates) or stood on its end (small base, high rates). But it's the same size either way.

Bradley also recognized that low rates and low deductions might change the *character* of economic activity. Loopholes "pay well, but they don't do the economy much good. . . . If all that effort instead went into productive work, developing goods and services for U.S. or foreign consumption, we'd all be better off."

Bradley-Gephardt, the Fair Tax Act of 1982, called for three rates, at 14, 26, and 30 per cent, and an end to all but a handful of deductions. But 1982 was the year of the deficit and the Dole tax hike, and Bradley-Gephardt went nowhere. The only Democratic presidential hopeful who took it seriously was George McGovern. Bradley didn't get to meet with Walter Mondale until August 1984, by which time Mondale's tax position was set in concrete—around his feet.

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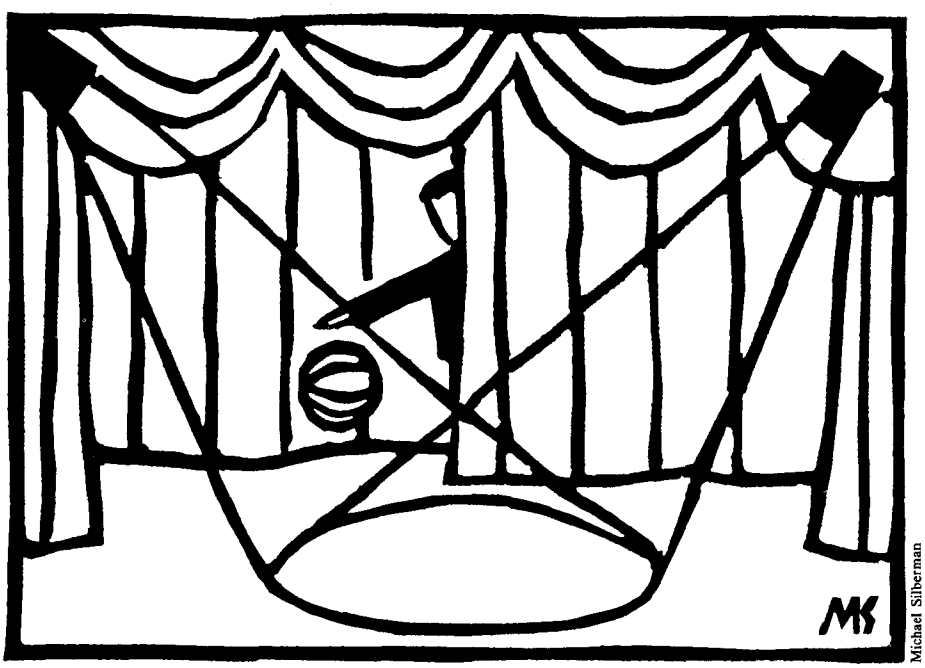
The drubbing Mondale took concentrated Democratic minds. Bradley had a friendly meeting late in November 1984 with Dan Rostenkowski, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, which had already begun to grapple with the issue. There was movement on other fronts as well: the supply-side cabal, the Treasury Department, and the Reagan White House had all come up with bills of their own. Bradley did whatever he could to keep the ball moving, going so far, in the fall of 1985, as to play a game of basketball with House Democrats, a condescension in two roles, as star and senator. (He popped a leg muscle.) When tax reform reached the Senate Finance Committee in March 1986, Bradley watched for a month while his colleagues sliced the concept to ribbons, then helped lead the chairman, Bob Packwood, to see the light. Even so, to build a winning coalition, some compromises were necessary, including a dream loophole for New Jersey—tax-free bonds for waste dumps. The Tax Reform Act of 1986, with two rates—15 and 28 per cent—became law last October.

WHAT MADE Bradley such a stalwart on the issue? "He's a very, very savvy politician," says William Simon, a politically minded Jerseyite himself, "who is ahead of the curve in sensing what people want and what the country needs."

Some credit his sense of what people want to his encounter with another New Jersey politician, Jeffrey Bell. Bell, who is now working for Jack Kemp's presidential bid, upset incumbent Clifford Case in the Republican senatorial primary in 1978, to become Bradley's opponent. It was the glad confident morning of the supply-side revolution, and Bell's campaign headquarters was filled with copies of *The Way the World Works*, stacked like hymnals. "At that time," Bell says now, Bradley was "very much a conventional liberal." His commercials plugged ideas like solar power—remember that?—and Bell's advocacy of tax cuts caught him flat-footed. Bell challenged him to a series of 21 debates. "He was the only one in his campaign who wanted to do it," Bell says. "I was the only one in my campaign who thought he was smart to do it. He never made mistakes; he very rarely said anything stupid." Bradley won an election, and some useful experience.

Bradley himself places his awakening further back, in his days as a professional basketball player. "I just want to play basketball and be paid well," Bradley told a lawyer who was unfolding the mysteries of taxation for him in the early days of his pro career. "It's not that simple," the lawyer answered. "You came to this," Bradley told Ronald Reagan years later at a tax-reform pow-wow, "because you were an actor who paid at the 90 per cent rate. I came to this because I was a depreciable asset."



Michael Silberman

Bradley's first career opens a window on his second. He was born in 1943 in Crystal City, Missouri; his father was a well-to-do banker, his mother a former junior-high-school teacher. Both sound like strong-willed types. Mr. Bradley fought a 25-year battle against spinal arthritis. Mrs. Bradley, said an old friend, "knew what kind of a son she wanted, and by dint of determination she has him." "He's an only child and you get spoiled that way," his college trainer later observed. "But [his parents] taught him to deny himself things."

What the Bradleys got was a teenage expert in the science of basketball. During his high-school years, Bill practiced 29 hours a week. He would dribble among chairs, and with a cardboard screen under his eyes so that he could not see his hands or the ball. He broke down each shot into its component parts, and professed to know why every shot he missed hadn't gone in. Powerhouse colleges offered him plum scholarships. He chose to go to Princeton.

"Freshman basketball, in my own time," wrote John McPhee in *A Sense of Where You Are*, the book he devoted to the prodigy,

> had not been a spectator sport . . . A player's roommates might show up, or his parents, if they lived nearby, but the grandstands were empty and the sound of the dribbling used to echo while the freshmen played. On the night of the game with Pennsylvania, I showed up at about 6:25. There was a large crowd outside the gym, and, inside, the stands were already filled. . . . I watched the general flow on the court for a while, and it was soon clear enough who had drawn the crowd, and that he was the most graceful and classical basketball player who had ever been near Princeton, to say the very least.

He kept working hard, on court and off. His academic average, on the Princeton scale of one (high) to seven (low), was just over two. Every week, he taught a 9:30 Sunday-school class at the First Presbyterian Church. Of his future, he told McPhee that he hoped to "set a Christian example by implementing my feelings within the structure of society." Meanwhile, he was breaking about every college record there was. In the *annus mirabilis* of his senior year, Princeton won the NCAA eastern regional championship and went to the national champion-

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ships. In his last college game, Bradley scored 58 points. The New York Knicks wanted him, but he took a Rhodes scholarship, intending afterward to go to law school and enter the foreign service.

When he instead returned to the game after two years at Oxford, his pro career was inevitably something of a downer. He was a good man on a first-rate team—the Knicks won two NBA championships during the ten years he played with them—but perfection, having once kissed him, moved on. He had also "grown" in his two years off. "I questioned my religious faith and sought workable moral values instead of simply rules. I became more playful and rebellious, responding to events in a way that discipline and obligation had outlawed before." He wrote a mildly anomic account of life as a pro, *Life on the Run*, which was the kind of sports book especially praised by people who don't much like sports. He admitted that the longest he could then practice alone at a stretch was 45 minutes.

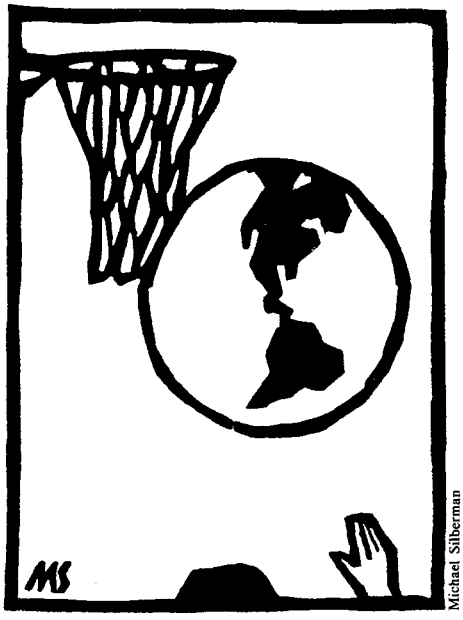
But there were continuities, all the same, between Princeton and the pros —and politics. Bradley remained a team player. Basketball, he wrote, "requires that the dictates of community prevail over selfish personal impulses." A decade later, he is still telling political rallies and college commencements about community.

SHOULD HE BE President next year? Or ever? This is a question that, in the nature of things, must be posed to conservatives. Many of Bradley's Democratic colleagues resent his success, but unless they are purists, they can hardly criticize his general ideological drift. On many issues, after all—those that hung James Watt, or made Robert Bork a demon—he is, as Barnes put it, "predictably liberal." His ADA rating has never sunk below 68; in 1982, it was one hundred.

Conservatives have been grateful for the handful of rightward positions he has taken up, and they imagine, in hopeful moments, an incipient kindred spirit. It is conservative approval that has given him his *laissez-passer*. Are conservatives right to sign on?

Bradley's most noteworthy conservative votes, after his struggle for tax reform, were on Contra aid and SDI.

Bradley had opposed Contra aid during his 1984 re-election campaign and voted against it several times. But in March of last year, he was one of only 11 Senate Democrats (nine of them Southerners) to approve President Reagan's $100-million aid package. His speech explaining his vote is of interest. One-third of it was about economics. Bradley's latest passion, after tax reform, has been Third World debt, and he assailed the IMF's austerity strategy. "The Mexicans were supposed to run their economy through a wringer. . . . We had better rethink our debt policy—quickly." Nicaragua was almost an afterthought. Managua, he acknowledged, seeks to "destabilize fledgling democracies in Central America." Supporting the Contras was a way of buying time for those democracies. It would also "pressure the Sandinistas to moderate their repressive system." The Contras were by no means Bradley's preferred option: he criticized the Administration for "slighting the Contadora process."



Michael Silberman

The hard Left loathed this vote. "He is going to regret this," warned Senator Kerry. "Bradley's vote," howled the *Village Voice*, "will lead to more babies blown up . . ." They weren't thrilled by a pair of pro-SDI votes, either. Twice in 1985 Bradley joined platoon-sized contingents of Democrats in opposing amendments by Senators Proxmire and Kerry that would have gelded the program. But, again, there were qualifications. SDI, Bradley explained on the Senate floor in August 1986, "is an ambitious, long-term research program." Funding it "does not represent a decision to deploy a defensive system." He warned, finally, against excessive SDI spending that would waste "valuable defense dollars."

In both cases, Bradley took a long view—so long, in fact, that it was unfocused. His agnosticism on SDI suggests that he is simply not up on the literature. His Contra speech is a case of not seeing the trees for the forest. Third World debt is a looming problem, but the Sandinistas are already here—and have been for eight years; 1986 was a little late in the day to be registering the threat.

Tax reform was the issue he knew inside and out, according to his lights. But his lights weren't especially right-wing. At every stage of its long progress from the drawing board to the statute books, the Tax Reform Act was bedeviled by the concept of "revenue neutrality." Each dollar "lost" through lowered rates had to be exactly balanced by a dollar "gained" from canceled deductions. This was static analysis at its worst: assuming that everyone in the economy would freeze while lawmakers ran from pocket to pocket, taking out and stuffing in dollars. It often had comic results: time and again, potent pols, lords of the Cabinet and barons of Capitol Hill, would jealously piece together some painful compromise, only to be told by some number-crunching nerd that the computers had erred and they would have to come up with another $20 billion. Every time, they obediently did. Bradley and his bloc worshipped the fetish of revenue neutrality as devotedly as everyone else.

It is sometimes tempting to wish, for the sake of intellectual neatness, that all opponents be wholly opposite, and every bad guy as bad as possible. This is Manichaeanism. One right vote is better than none, and two are better than one, even if a hundred remain wrong. Where Congress is concerned, conservatives are right to take anything that comes their way. But there is only one President. He shares a branch of government, not with 534 colleagues and competitors, but with no one. It's foolish for anyone to the right of Reubin Askew to daydream of the scholar-star in the Oval Office.

This time around, it's moot anyway. Bradley won't run, and he wouldn't even if there were two years until the Iowa caucuses. For this politician, "no" means, oddly, "no." □

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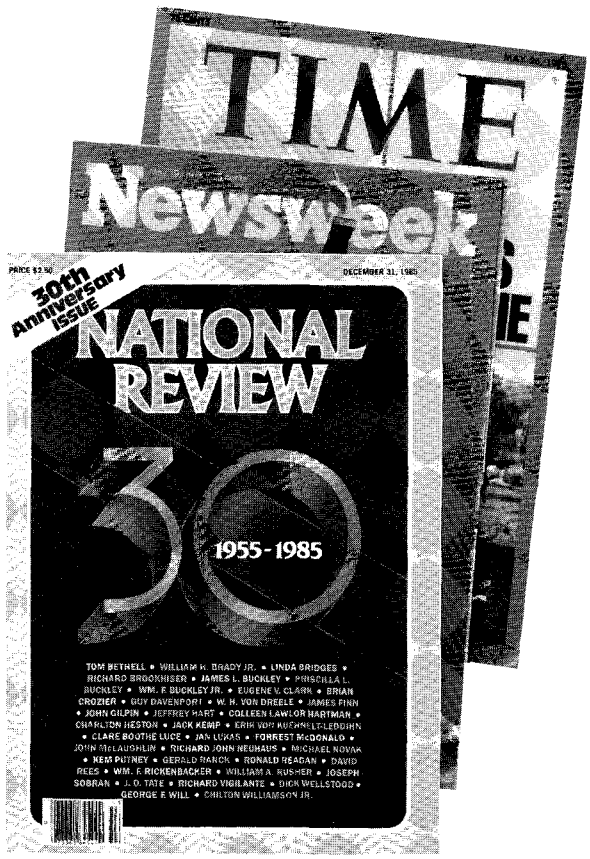

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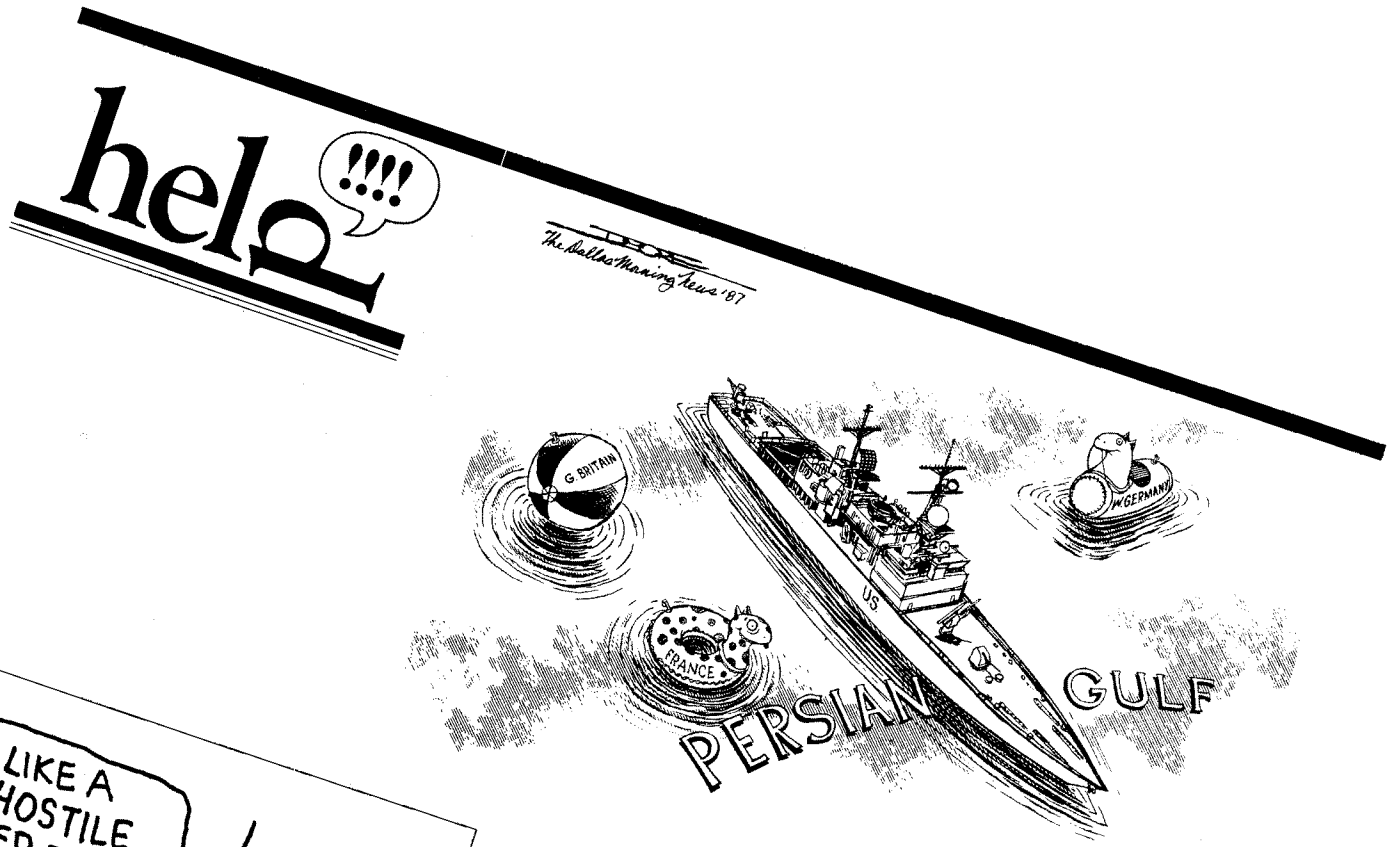
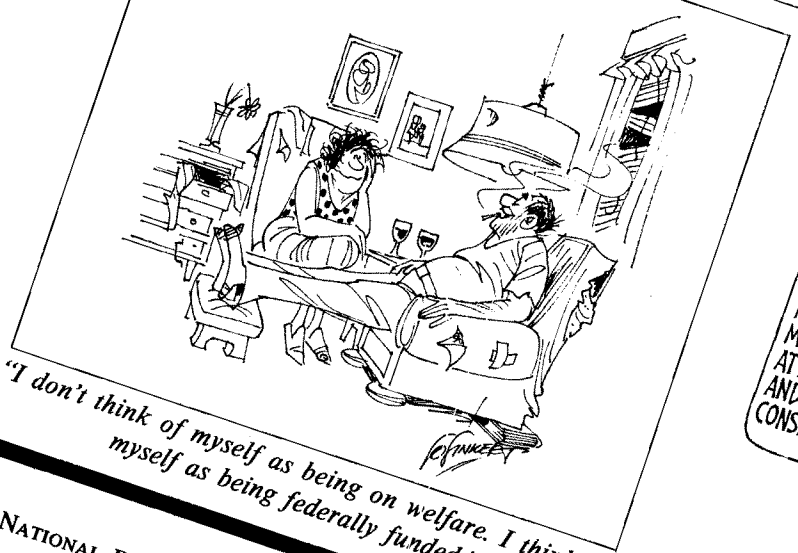


THE ALLIES



"I don't think of myself as being on welfare. I think of myself as being federally funded."

Rattle Tattle

The skeletons in famous peoples'
Closets used to stay
In dim repose but heaven knows
They're all in books today.
And over-sized, revitalized,
They grin and dance and caper.
A skeleton can sell a *ton*
Of books if he's on paper.

MAUREEN CANNON

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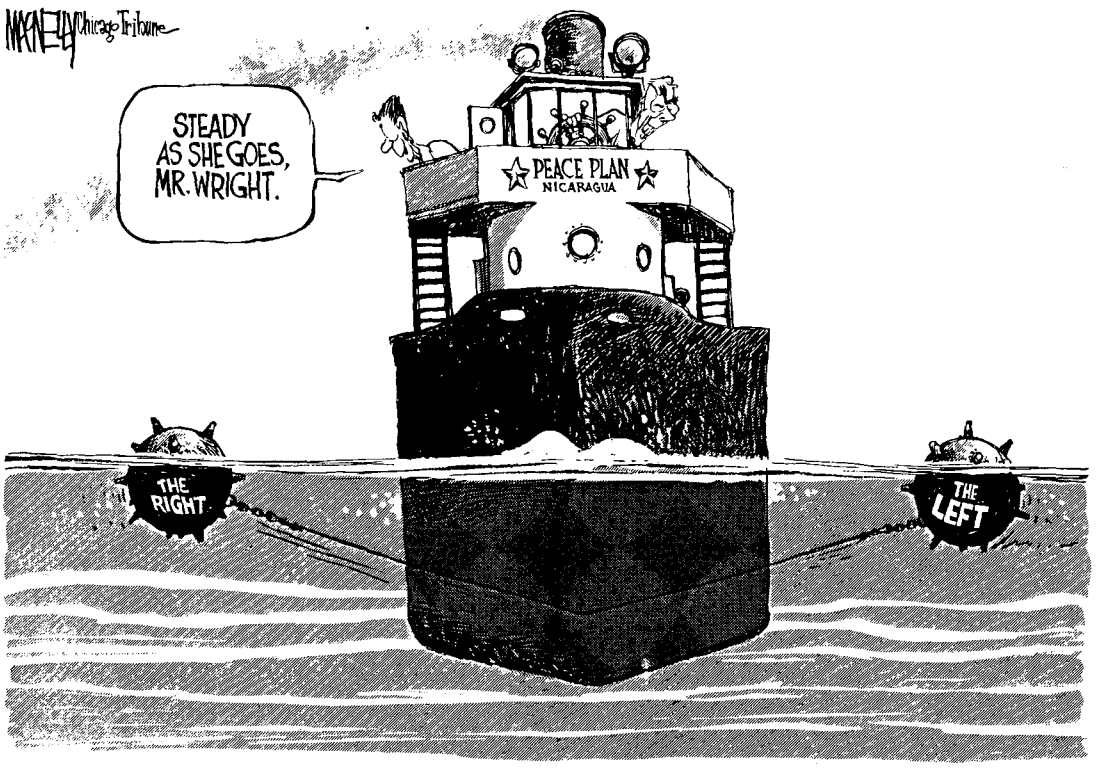

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ABROAD

LIMA *Narco-Terrorism*

Indications are multiplying to the effect that the Marxist revolutionary movement *Sendero Luminoso* (Shining Path) has allied itself with the powerful cocaine-exporting empire of Peru, thus linking the country's two worst scourges, terrorism and narcotics. However, there is a fundamental divergence of aims that could militate against a permanent joining of forces. For one thing, *Sendero Luminoso* claims it wants the peasants to devote at least a third of their land to truck crops. For another, it has established a minimum price for coca leaves in order to protect the small farmers from exploitation by the drug dealers. Nevertheless, drug-enforcement officials point to movements of the drug underworld's agents to the advantage of *Sendero Luminoso*. Then, in recent brushes with the authorities, the guerrillas have used sophisticated arms that they could only have obtained from the drug dealers' arsenal.

RABAT *Europe-Bound*

Morocco has formally applied for membership in the European Economic Community, the first African and the second non-European country to do so. (Turkey applied earlier this year.) While it is not expected that Moroccan membership will become a reality in the near future, the application is regarded in Brussels as a tribute to the EEC's solidity as an economic and political entity. If full membership for Morocco is not possible, then an association agreement could probably be worked out. Besides opening favorable markets to Moroccan exports, EEC membership would give Rabat considerable political leverage in various long-term disputes with Spain, notably over fishing rights. There is also the question of Morocco's standing in North Africa, where various unification movements are chronically in the news. Membership in the European Community would be a powerful card to play in that game.

HUHEHOT *National Hero?*

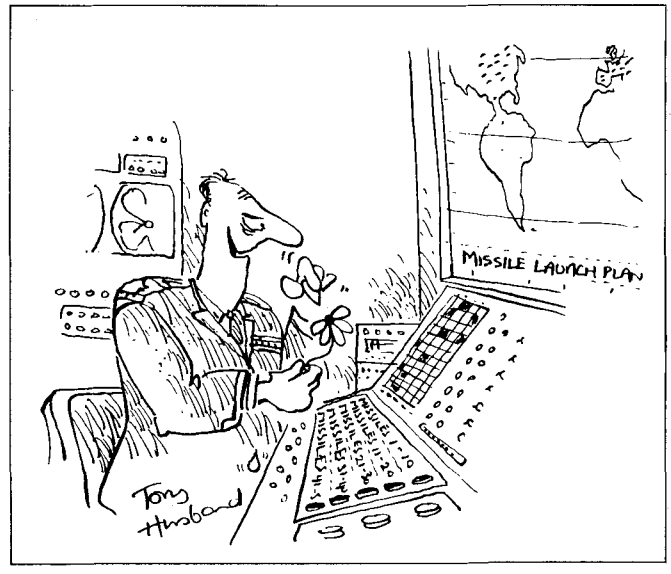
Many hours of jeep travel southwest of here, in the middle of the broad, sand-bestrewn steppe of Inner Mongolia, stands the mausoleum of Genghis Khan, in terms of sheer territory the greatest conqueror of all time. Right now the tomb site is being restored and preparations are being made for an influx of tourists. The People's Republic of China has decided to make Genghis Khan a national hero. It was not always thus. The original monument, consisting of three domes of varnished hide, was built by the Chinese Nationalists fifty years ago, and then restored by the Communists in 1956 only to be vandalized during the Cultural Revolution. In his famous poem "Snow," Mao Tse-tung was snippy about Genghis Khan's achievements, and as recently as 1982, official texts were referring to him as a "pillager." But now Genghis Khan is once again being held up as a model, this time in the interests of ethnic harmony between the Mongols and the Chinese. Indeed, the Chinese have in recent centuries moved into Mongolia to the point where Mongols now account for only 13.5 per cent of the Inner Mongolian population. The authorities fear the Mongols may be looking yearningly across the border to "independent" Outer Mongolia, which was created and controlled by the Soviet Union as a buffer state against China. Meanwhile, there is a long way to go before the tomb of Genghis Khan, who died in 1227, is worth much of a visit. The only objects to be seen, besides the domed tents, are two saddles, one of which is said to have belonged to him, a modern statue, and medals and calendars with his effigy.

LONDON *Fleet Street, Farewell*

For several hundred years, Fleet Street, which runs through the heart of London from Temple Bar to Ludgate Hill, has been the home of the British press. But now the last of its major newspaper tenants, the *Daily Express* and the *Sunday Express* and *Star*, will move out to print and publish in other, more convenient parts of the city. The move started three years ago, because modern newspaper technology could not properly function in the crowded, relatively narrow precincts of Fleet Street and its surrounding lanes and byways. The departure of the press leaves the famous Fleet Street pubs in the hands of lawyers from the nearby Law Courts and stockbrokers from the expanding City of London financial offices. Tourists can console themselves with the Cheshire Cheese, one of London's most famous and picturesque taverns, which continues to function in the heart of the old newspaper domain.

DUNKIRK *Mots*

The incorporation of English words into the French language has been going on for some time, and the result is the emergence of "*Franglais*," a style of speech abhorred by purists of both tongues. Terms like "*le bridge-building*" and "*talkie-walkie*" are well-known. But Jean-Marie Le Pen, head of the right-wing *Front National*, which advocates a halt to immigration, contributed a new one the other day. Speaking here of the influx of labor from abroad, Le Pen announced that he was unalterably opposed to any policy that, by fostering ethnic mixture, could be characterized as "*melting-pot-iste*." That shivering piece of *Franglais* got him headlines all by itself.



Husband, *Punch* / Rothco

"They like us . . . they like us not . . . they like . . ."

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JOHN XXIII AND THE HAND GRENADE

IMAGINE THAT Pope John XXIII had gone on a mission to convert a group of Mafiosi. A live hand grenade was thrown into the meeting and John flung himself on the grenade in order to save the lives of the assembled cut-throats. Did he perform a moral act? Not at all, argues Hadley Arkes of Amherst College in a brilliant and sometimes brilliantly wrong new book, *First Things: An Inquiry into the First Principles of Morals and Justice.*

Of course John's act was dramatic in its radical selflessness; some might call it heroic or even saintly; but that does not make it good. According to Arkes, "He would not be acting in a commendable way if he subordinated his own purposes to those of the gangsters." And that is simply because Pope John's purposes were morally good and theirs were not. Intentions and altruistic impulses do not change the moral logic of the matter.

Arkes is in a venerable philosophical tradition which includes Aristotle, Kant, and a host of other worthies, when he insists that the logic of morals must override claims of personal preference, private choice, or pure intentions. The "moral thing" must be based upon principles of moral reason, which are "categorical." That is to say, a moral proposition is one that is universal and objective in its reach; it applies as a matter of logical necessity to all people in like circumstance. Certainly we must agree with the general moral proposition that good purposes, such as those of John XXIII, should not be subordinated to evil purposes, such as those of the Mafiosi.

Yet some of us might persist in thinking that John had done a noble, and a moral, thing in falling upon the grenade. We would not say that he was *obliged* to do so, although he may have felt so obliged. We might say that it was an act of supererogation, something beyond the call of duty. Similarly, Mother Teresa and her sisters subordinate their lives in service to human "refuse" whose purposes are, by any rational calculus, less worthy than theirs. And, of course, at the center of the Christian reality is the cross, on which the righteous dies for the unrighteous. As Saint Paul asserts, this is the core "scandal" of the Christian proposition, which so offends our theories of morality.

Arkes wants to counter the relativism and subjectivism that dominate current talk about morality. He is properly scornful of those who say, with respect to abortion and other issues of great moment, that they are "personally opposed" but would not want to "impose their values upon others." If something is wrong, it is wrong quite apart from our personal feelings about it. All laws, if they are legitimate laws, are based upon moral judgments regarding justice. Debates about law and public policy must be conducted by public argument and evidence, not by assertions of personal preference, interest, or belief. All of this, I am persuaded, is true, and religious actors in the public arena —both those on the Right and those on the Left—would do well to ponder the argument of *First Things.*

And yet, Blaise Pascal was also right in asserting that the heart has its reasons of which reason does not know. Nor does this open the door to irrationality, for it is precisely reason that knows that the heart has its reasons of which reason does not know. In law and politics, in the ordering of our life together in the *polis*, all should be, as Arkes contends, public, categorical, universal, and rational. But in the well-ordered *polis* there is an institutionalized recognition of moral reality that transcends politics. This is the wisdom reflected in the First Amendment's prohibition of constraints upon the free exercise of religion.

But Arkes is having none of it. For instance, he argues, quite consistently, against the legal provision for conscientious objection to military service. Absolute pacifism, he says, is "logically incoherent," and, if a war is morally justified, it is morally justified for everyone. Here and elsewhere, no religious claim or claim of conscience can be admitted to the deliberation of justice. Like the noted legal scholar Philip Kurland, Arkes suggests we should be "neutral" toward religious claims, treating them merely as a species of free speech. In this view, the specific reference to religion in the First Amendment is superfluous. I think this view quite wrong.

THERE IS no doubt that in recent years the courts have made a definitional shambles of what is meant by religion, and we are in a state of deep legal confusion about what is and what is not protected by "free exercise."

Readily admitting that and much more, it is nonetheless imperative that the state respect the claims of religion and of conscience that transcend the legitimate claims of the state. To be sure, such religious claims must be set aside in instances of supreme and overriding public necessity, but only with the greatest reluctance. For the most part, religion can reinforce the logic of morals, the necessary truths and first principles by which, Arkes rightly insists, our public life should be ordered. But religion also witnesses to moral reality that cannot be exhaustively comprehended by such logic, truths, and principles. A just political order makes no claim to ultimate justice, or even to knowing what ultimate justice might mean. It is bad moral reasoning that requires good men to save the lives of bad men by falling on hand grenades. It is equally bad moral reasoning that presumes to declare such an action immoral. □

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A PRIMER FOR TYRANTS

Samuel T. Francis

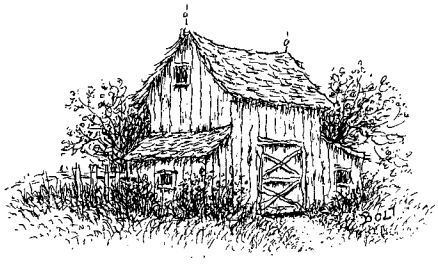
Modern Dictators: Third World Coup-Makers, Strongmen, and Populist Tyrants, by Barry Rubin (McGraw-Hill, 385 pp., $17.95)

BARRY RUBIN'S study of modern dictatorships in the Third World is redolent of the analytical approach of James Burnham, and though Burnham is not mentioned by name, his principal mentor, Niccolò Machiavelli, is frequently cited. Mr. Rubin is coolly dispassionate in his dissection of the anatomy of contemporary tyranny, attentive to the social forces that underlie and perpetuate it, and pessimistic in his estimate of its future. His conclusions should be carefully studied, for they challenge many of the preconceptions on which most conservatives' (as well as liberals') ideas of Third World politics are based.

Mr. Rubin begins with a distinction between "traditional" and "modern" dictatorships that roughly corresponds to the familiar one between "authoritarian" and "totalitarian" regimes. The former "were conservers and manipulators of the existing order, more concerned with redividing the wealth to their advantage than in making social or political change, even when they favored economic development." Traditional dictators like the Shah of Iran, Anastasio Somoza, and Ferdinand Marcos neglected to build a mass political base and instead relied on personal followings drawn from established elites. While their rule was generally harsh and corrupt, it lacked the ruthlessness and efficiency that a more total and impersonal mobilization of power can construct. Hence, traditional dictators often fail to transmit their personally based rule to successors and are ineffective against modern political opposition movements.

"Modern dictators," on the other hand, seek to systematize their apparatus of power and succeed "in overcoming the gap between rulers and ruled by convincing a large portion of the people—through persuasion, benefits, and organic links—that they should support it." The major models for modern dictatorships in the Third World have been the Nazi, Fascist, and Communist regimes of the 1930s and '40s, and their main pioneers were Gamal Abdel Nasser in Egypt and Juan Perón in Argentina, both of whom paid close attention to the dynamics as well as the ideologies of their European models, and who have been emulated in turn by a score of lesser despots since.

Because of its cultivation of a mass political base, rigorously controlled through party organizations and twentieth-century technology, modern dictatorship defines itself in opposition to traditional elites and their social order. Hence, modern dictators make use of populist, nationalist, revolutionary, and socialist themes to unify their mass following against the old regime, to distract the masses from the systematic repression and economic catastrophe that usually result from their rule, and to legitimize and perpetuate their power. Contrary to Western hopes that technological modernization would liberalize Third World societies, "modern dictatorships . . . are products of the modernization process itself."



Much the same can be said for the importation of Western political ideas and organizational techniques, while the dislocation of culture through Westernization allowed the formation of a narrow class of anti-Western intellectuals and technocrats who made up the core of the modern dictator's new elite. Instead of the West's assimilating the Third World to its values, the different cultures of the latter have absorbed the technological, organizational, and ideological exports of the West and transformed them into instruments for the institutionalization of anti-Western despotisms. Examples of such inversions are familiar to most Americans: Fidel Castro, the Sandinistas, Khomeini, Qaddafi, and lesser lights of state terror and genocide such as Col. Mengistu in Ethiopia, and Idi Amin.

Mr. Rubin is critical of the conventional wisdom among both liberals and conservatives about these regimes and their futures. "If conservatives tend to be complacent about traditional dictatorships as long as they were anti-Communist, many liberals have been too lenient on Third World modern dictatorships," whose anti-Americanism the Left often likes to blame on the mistakes and abuses of U.S. policy.

But Mr. Rubin is also skeptical of the current neoconservative faith that authoritarian states in the Third World are evolving toward democracy. Jeane Kirkpatrick, among others, has argued that traditional or authoritarian regimes

Samuel T. Francis is an editorial writer for the Washington Times.

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can develop into democratic states more easily than modern totalitarian autocracies can; and the "Reagan Doctrine" of encouraging even friendly anti-Communist traditional dictatorships toward democratization is largely based on this belief, coupled with an assumption that economic modernization will lead to political freedom. Yet Mr. Rubin points to a variety of forces in many Third World societies —military and intellectual elites, ethnic and religious antagonisms, economic conflicts over scarce resources, and the dislocations of modernization, as well as anti-Western traditions and ubiquitous Soviet subversion—that splash a bit of cold water on these sanguine expectations. The long-term advantages for international competition that industrialized democratic states enjoy may not be useful to modern dictators and the groups that depend on them, and even the new middle classes in these societies have often been more supportive of than hostile to the new regimes. "Modern dictatorship," Mr. Rubin concludes, "seems a type of government that has great staying power in the Third World," and Western revulsion at the characteristically brutal, exploitative, and apparently insane behavior of the dictators themselves does not mean that these dictatorships cannot endure longer than the younger and more alien political forms that have come to typify the modern West. □

SUMO-WRESTLING AT TURTLE BAY

Juliana Geran Pilon

The UN: In or Out? A Debate between Ernest van den Haag and John P. Conrad (Plenum Press, 355 pp., $19.95)

As Congress has become increasingly concerned about corruption and anti-Americanism at the United Nations, and has accordingly reduced the U.S. contribution to that organization in the past few years, the debate over the very existence of the UN has receded into the background, giving way instead to talk about reform. It is, indeed, an uncomfortable question: "In or Out of the UN?" Conservatives abandoned isolationism long ago, as the response to Grenada and Nicaragua clearly indicates. The Left is explicably schizophrenic, invoking self-restraint in Central America but loudly proclaiming active involvement in South Africa. Leaving the UN right now just isn't in the political cards. This doesn't mean, however, that it can't be seriously, and quite intelligently, contemplated.

Ernest van den Haag, John M. Olin Professor of Jurisprudence and Public Policy at Fordham University, is one of those willing to take the hard line. Out, he says, and the sooner the better. Debating with career criminologist John P. Conrad, van den Haag rejects each of the arguments adduced in favor of continued participation in this at once senescent and puerile institution.

In truth, van den Haag has it easy. For despite a veneer of semi-scholarship, Conrad's case is embarrassingly thin, and considerably to the left of U.S. policy in the United Nations. Conrad defends the UN's socialist redistributionist blueprint for development known as "the New International Economic Order" (NIEO), which he calls "a plan for economic redress," and he commends the "innovative idea" of expropriating the property of multinational corporations, an NIEO ideal. This puts Conrad to the left even of many Third World nations, some of which are beginning to recognize the power of free enterprise and to respect the multinationals, whose investment they eagerly seek.

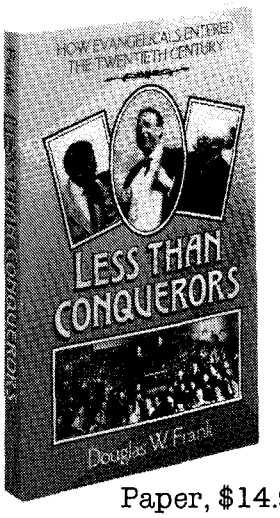
Conrad even waxes sympathetic over the plight of the hapless Soviet Union, forced to wage war in Afghanistan—"to save face," he opines. He puts forth too, admittedly as "Moscow gossip" but worthy of consideration, the possibility that "the Red Army would dearly like to get out of its Afghan adventures"—objecting violently to the condemnation of the invasion by hard-liners like van den Haag. By now, Conrad has placed himself to the left even of the majority of UN member states, who have condemned, in the General Assembly, the presence of "foreign troops" in Afghanistan.

Conrad defends, of course, the UN's war against South Africa. That regime, he says, is even less legitimate than the Soviet Union because, unlike the Soviet electorate, "no more than two-thirds of South Africans had voted for its rulers." Van den Haag is, for once, left nearly speechless.

HOW EVANGELICALS ENTERED THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

LESS THAN CONQUERORS

Douglas W. Frank



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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LAST SEPTEMBER TITLES: In her collection of essays *The New History and the Old* (Harvard, $20), Gertrude Himmelfarb laments the supplantation of history as a discipline of continuity and meaning, of politics, people, and ideas, by statisticians and psychoanalyzers, Marxists and quantifiers, and other "specialists."

A Life in Peace and War (Harper & Row, $25), by Bruce Urquhart, former Under Secretary General of the United Nations, looks to be an interesting volume by a man who worked at the UN from its earliest days until his retirement in 1986.

In *The Enchantments of Judaism: Rites of Transformation from Birth through Death* (Basic, $15.95), Jacob Neusner discusses ritual and aesthetics in the daily course of Jewish life.

Sherwood Anderson (Houghton Mifflin, $22.95), by Kim Townsend, is the first biography of the American novelist to appear in a quarter-century.

☐ COMING IN OCTOBER: *Vesco: From Wall Street to Castro's Cuba—The Rise, Fall, and Exile of the King of White-Collar Crime* (Doubleday, $18.95), by Arthur Herzog, is a fascinating account of the depredations of one of the greatest financial scoundrels of recent history.

In *A Godless Jew: Freud, Atheism, and the Making of Psychoanalysis* (Yale, $17.95), Peter Gay denies that psychoanalysis is a "Jewish science," arguing instead that Freud's status as an outsider—as an atheist *and* a Jew—allowed him to grasp universal scientific truths. Gay is also at pains to refute the idea that psychoanalysis is, in any manner of speaking, a form of religion.

The Letters of Bernard Berenson and Isabella Stewart Gardner, 1887-1924: With Correspondence by Mary Berenson (Northeastern, $49.95 until January 1; $65 thereafter), edited and annotated by Rollin van N. Hadley, consists of the art critic's transatlantic correspondence with the woman whose collection of paintings by the Old Masters eventually came to fill the Gardner Museum in Boston. —CW

Thus, paradoxically, Conrad succeeds in at least one respect: by putting forth such a lame case himself, he lets van den Haag get by too easily. Convinced of the overwhelming persuasiveness of his case, van den Haag fails to present it in a fashion that would address a more sophisticated version of the opposition. His contribution is surprisingly short on specifics.

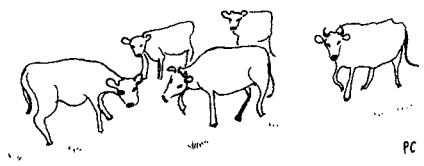
Van den Haag, for example, abstains altogether from contributing to the book's crucial Part II, entitled "The Facts." Written entirely by Conrad, Part II leaves out the extensive information currently available about the Soviets' abuses of the UN system, their skillful manipulation of UN rules, and their blatant violation of the UN Charter. Soviet espionage throughout the UN system? Never heard of it. There is nothing, either, about the anti-American propaganda unleashed by the Department of Public Information, documented by the General Accounting Office in 1986. Concerning the UN's extensive support for Marxist terrorist organizations—not a word.

The second section of Part II, on the UN's specialized agencies, is especially weak. There is nothing about the rampant politicization of the World Health Organization, nothing about widespread corruption and lack of accountability at the Food and Agriculture Organization, nothing about the war against free enterprise waged by the UN Conference on Trade and Development. Van den Haag simply lets the opportunity to set the record a bit straighter slip by.

This is not to say that van den Haag does not raise some very serious questions. To be sure, the United Nations is basically powerless and in many respects useless. Yet given its record, would the United States ever want it to have more power? But if not, just exactly what are we doing there?

In a sense, van den Haag's conclusion is rather optimistic: The UN, he argues, "is quite irrelevant to war and peace, important only to public relations. It will probably survive until the next world war in its bloated, expensive, and useless way, whether or not we participate, and it will try to inflict what harm it can on the United States and its allies. But it will play no serious role in foreign policy, being on the whole a media spectacle, of as much importance to international relations as football or Sumo wrestling."

This is perhaps too rosy a scenario,



and the United Nations may be considerably more dangerous than that. By leaving it, the U.S. could send a strong signal that it rejects the UN's virulent anti-Westernism. Such a signal, however, can only be effective in the context of clear, serious foreign-policy objectives. And that may be too much to ask of ourselves. ☐

1940: HISTORICAL LAUNCH

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

From This Moment On: America in 1940, by Jeffrey Hart (Crown, 326 pp., $22.50)

EVEN AS IT IS commonly agreed that nothing was quite the same again after the fateful year 1917, so Jeffrey Hart's thesis is that 1940 was the next great historical launch. So much, after that, would be different, different in politics, in economics, in culture.

That, I say, is his thesis, but it is not one that he presses contentiously. One may even conclude that it is factitious to fasten on that year as the epochal divider. Hart's evidence overwhelms, but is not overwhelming. *From This Moment On* is a book of information, analysis, and delight irrespective of whether one acquiesces in the historical point it strives, but does not labor, to make.

Jeffrey Hart is a writer of Promethean talent. Readers of this journal, which he serves as a senior editor, experience him frequently. He is a syndicated columnist and a free-lance critic. And, by profession, he is an academic, a graduate of Columbia who took his doctorate there in English, where he studied with Lionel Trilling and Jacques Barzun. After teaching there for some years he repaired to Dartmouth, where his energies are looked upon with despair by many of his colleagues, inasmuch as it is he who, over the past twenty years, has been the principal engine of conservative and anti-Communist thought and activity on the campus. The founding of a rival newspaper to the establishmentarian *Dartmouth* could not have happened save for his encouragement. And lo! Dartmouth in the past ten years has graduated more talented men and women seeking explicit

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alliance with the conservative cause than any other college, including Chicago. And through it all he has taught his classes in the literature of three centuries and has repeatedly been acclaimed in the student course guide as among the leading professors at Dartmouth. He twice took a few months off, during his career, to write speeches for Nixon (running for President), and then for Reagan (ditto). These speeches no doubt account for their victories, even as Norman Mailer's essay in the *Village Voice* is said (by Norman Mailer) to be responsible for Kennedy's victory in 1960.

Jeffrey Hart is interested in everything—save, possibly, intramural quarrels among monetarists. One of his talents is in communicating his interests. I have been surprised by the capability of sportswriting to move me: once when, a dozen years ago, *Esquire* brought together the top sportswriters in their fields to do a special issue and asked me to write the introduction, which required me to read some stunningly effective prose. And, again, every time I read Jeffrey Hart writing about sports. He did this in the first book (*When the Going Was Good! American Life in the Fifties*) of what one devoutly hopes will prove to be a series. And now he writes about the great sports figures of 1940 and the years immediately before and after.

> Anthropologists have said that sports is the real religion of America, and though that is an exaggeration, there is still much truth in it. For sports is indeed about both death and immortality, which are the central concepts of religion as well. About all athletics there exists a kind of double focus. The players on the field are always young, and year after year there in the stadium the game is always going on, as if time stood still. From that perspective, the stadium stands outside of time, and the ever-recurring game has intimations of immortality about it. The bands will always play, the crowds will always roar, the young will always strive.

He constructs his book as a series (14) of juxtapositions. The first deals with the World's Fair of 1940, the huge imaginative pleasure dome of the mind and the body that operated the same summer that France fell, Hitler stood at the English Channel, and Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers danced away all our cares. He follows this with a look at the last Winter Olympics for a dozen years, held in 1936 at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Bavaria, militarized under Hitler. Next is an illuminating portrait of Adolf Hitler, which tells us in a chapter all we need to know about that complex demon—and suddenly we are at Coney Island, breathlessly enjoying the breathless pleasure of children at the Steeplechase and Parachute Jump. On to a chapter dealing with Wendell Willkie and his amazing upset victory at the 1940 Republican Convention. We are reminded (if ever we knew) or told (if we never knew) that Willkie was a man of remarkable talent, an orator without peer in his days as a practicing lawyer. His talent was never fully harnessed because of his weaknesses, which proved disabling up against the invincibility of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. And then a little coda, mysteriously apposite: a haiku on Sonja Henie, "the Queen of Ice."

From This Moment On continues with depictions variously sharp, provocative, profound, and lovely. He handles tension as a master.

> Trotsky and his wife Natalia lived with the certainty that Stalin would strike. With each new report of the slaughter in Russia, fresh ghosts haunted his sleep, familiar faces with a hole between the eyes . . . On the night of August 19, Trotsky took a double dose of sleeping pills and awoke the next morning much refreshed. "I'll do a good day's work," he told Natalia. He tended to his rabbits and his garden, breakfasted, wrote some letters, worked on an article about the war in Europe and the inevitability of American involvement. He had theoretical difficulties over the question of whether this war was merely an extension of World War I or something different. ["]Frank Jacson["] showed up around 5 P.M. wearing a hat and raincoat, though the day was clear. He met Trotsky in the garden, asked him to read something he had written, and accompanied him into the study. Trotsky had two revolvers on his desk, but as he sat there reading Jacson's typescript, Jacson took an ice axe from under his raincoat and drove it with terrific force into Trotsky's brain. Trotsky let out a shriek Jacson-Mercader always remembered. He died in the hospital at 7:25 on August 21, 1940.

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Robert Moses. Every essay in this book could be read discretely in any major magazine, for pleasure and instruction. Together, they are more than a cornucopia. They are testimony to the eclectic appetites and prodigious production of a hugely talented writer with an unusual capacity both to synthesize and to particularize. It will not, I hope, embarrass my colleague if I remark that with the publication of this book he is now, to the year 1940, as 1940 is to history. □

OYEZ! OYEZ!

Joseph Sobran

The Supreme Court: How It Was, How It Is, by William H. Rehnquist (Morrow, 338 pp., $18.95)

WILLIAM REHNQUIST is a controversial Chief Justice, but he is known privately as an affable man. *The Supreme Court: How It Was, How It Is* displays his personal charm and generally avoids contentious topics. It aims to familiarize the ordinary reader with the Court's role since the days of John Marshall. In its quiet way, it also makes some conservative points.

The book begins with a three-chapter memoir. Rehnquist recalls arriving in Washington in 1952 to serve as law clerk to Justice Robert Jackson just as the Court was deciding a major constitutional case, Truman's seizure of the steel mills. He doesn't discuss the case in technical terms but gives an inside look at the Court's workings as they appeared to him as a young man.

He retains his awe and affection for Felix Frankfurter in particular. Tiny, magnetic, pedagogic, Frankfurter flattered the young Rehnquist by arguing with him instead of pulling rank.

Frankfurter was the subject of an odd conversation between Rehnquist and his landlord. "What's the story on this Julius Frankfurter?" the landlord demanded, on learning where his tenant was employed. "I understand he's right in bed with the Communists."

Later the landlord mysteriously fixed a traffic ticket for Rehnquist, then announced that the policeman required a fifth of whisky in compensation. Swallowing his moral outrage, the future Chief Justice acceded to contemporary community standards. It was a sort of pragmatic scruple: since he'd already accepted the benefit, he decided it would be hypocritical to reject the terms entailed. You can't help liking a man like that; at least I can't.

Ensuing chapters portray earlier Justices. Rehnquist admires Marshall, naturally, for the forceful incisiveness that made the Court a powerful branch of government; he also tries to rescue Roger Taney from the obloquy that dogs his reputation because of *Dred Scott*. But he seems most to admire Oliver Wendell Holmes, whom he quotes often and whose skeptical positivism he seems to share.

Rehnquist avoids explicit philosophical commitment. In this book he blends the skills of raconteur and summarizer, explaining major Court cases in earthy terms. It's fascinating to learn, along the way, that for many years the Court's docket was so light that Justices were appointed along regional lines, so that they could divide their time between the High Court and lower federal courts. In those days the area around the White House was "romantic but wild," according to Abigail Adams. Around the Capitol, Albert Gallatin found "7 or 8 boarding houses, 1 tailor, 1 shoemaker, 1 printer, and washing woman, a grocery shop, a pamphlet and stationery shop, a small dry-goods shop, and an oyster house. This makes the whole of the federal city as connected with the Capitol." The Supreme Court met in a committee room in the Capitol building.

Rehnquist follows Holmes and general opinion now in taking a dim view of the Court's pro-capitalist activism around the turn of the century: "The Court was in the process of sowing a wind, with the whirlwind to be reaped years later."

The whirlwind he refers to presumably began with the 1937 fight over FDR's Court-packing plan, to which Rehnquist devotes a dramatic chapter. Opposition to the scheme came unexpectedly from Democrats; the meager Republican remnant (only 18 survived in the Senate after the 1936 election) wisely kept quiet, lest the issue divide along party lines.

Though the plan was blocked, Roosevelt soon filled the Court with New Deal henchmen. In the twinkling of an eye, what had been unconstitutional became constitutional. And as the Court forgot the Tenth Amendment and found new, "progressive" uses for the Fourteenth, the Democrats dropped judicial restraint and advocated, with equal passion, judicial activism. Eschewing the terms "liberal" and "conservative," Rehnquist subtly makes it clear that the effective meaning of the Constitution is at the mercy of personnel changes on the Court.

The Justices and the textbooks speak of "tradition" and "development," but the history of constitutional law is full of zigzags, reversals, and abrupt innovations. It isn't easy to give that history the aspect of unity and continuity, and Rehnquist doesn't try to.

His conclusion is less a celebration of the Court than a warning against misconceiving its role. He rejects as simplistic the idea that the Court is "the conscience of the country" or "the ultimate protector in our society of the liberties of the individual." He is worth quoting at length on the latter phrase, which

> describes an important role of the Supreme Court, but by ignoring other equally important functions of the Court, . . . has its own potential for mischief. It is a fairly short leap from this language to a feeling that the United States Constitution is somehow "vindicated" every time a claim of individual right against government is upheld, and is not vindicated whenever such a claim is not upheld. But this, of course, cannot be the case. The role of the Supreme Court is to uphold those claims of individual liberty against the government that it finds are well founded in the Constitution, and to reject other claims of individual liberty that it concludes are not well

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founded. Its role is no more to exclusively uphold the claim of the individual than it is to exclusively uphold the claims of the government: it must hold the constitutional balance true between these claims. And if it finds the scales evenly balanced, the longstanding "presumption of constitutionality" to which every law enacted by Congress or a state or local government is entitled means that the person who seeks to have the law held unconstitutional has failed to carry his burden of proof on the question. □

CLOTHES HORSE

Jeffrey Meyers

Hemingway, by Kenneth Lynn (Simon & Schuster, 784 pp., $24.95)

HEMINGWAY continues to fascinate. My biography appeared in October 1985, and two books on Hemingway's early life were published soon afterward. Lynn's book has no new discoveries, and his thesis that "Hemingway was a conflicted, haunted man who produced from his torment some of the most memorable fiction of the century" is quite familiar. But Lynn does offer interesting interpretations of certain aspects of Hemingway's life and reveals new meanings in his work.

He shows that Hemingway's sister Ursula (not Sunny) was the model for Littless in "The Last Good Country"; that "The End of Something" and "An Alpine Idyll" both concern the problems of his marriage to his first wife, Hadley; that the neglected satire, *The Torrents of Spring*, describes his conflicting feelings about Hadley and his second wife, Pauline; that he expressed his indebtedness to Pauline's Uncle Gus, who paid for his first African safari, by praising Pauline in *Green Hills of Africa*, and then poured out his venomous feelings about her in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"; that the title of "A Way You'll Never Be" was meant to reassure his mentally unstable mistress, Jane Mason; that Zelda Fitzgerald contributed to the character of Brett Ashley in *The Sun Also Rises*, and that Brett has some sort of erotic relations with Jake Barnes, despite his sexual mutilation. Lynn is far less convincing when he claims that Hemingway's sister Marcelline influenced the "twin" gangsters in "The Killers," that the desire to punish the publisher Horace Liveright influenced "Fifty Grand," and that Jake Barnes's name came from the lesbians Natalie Barney and Djuna Barnes, who lived on the rue Jacob and in the Hôtel Jacob in Paris.

Despite the statement of Hemingway's World War I friend Bill Horne (the Italians "were damn tough and tight about awarding the Medaglia d'Argento al Valore.—Believe me, you had to be damned near killed, in the most honorable way, to get that"), Lynn persuasively argues that Hemingway, after being wounded by a trench mortar, was not hit by machine-gun bullets and did not carry a wounded Italian soldier back to a first-aid dugout. No Americans witnessed the incident and the details were provided by Hemingway himself. If he did not perform a heroic act (and we can never be certain about this), then the medal was awarded for propagandistic purposes.

Lynn, who is well known for his obsessive hatred of Malcolm Cowley and his refusal to see the trauma of war in "Big Two-Hearted River," has —viz., in his brilliant collection of essays, *The Air-Line to Seattle*—specialized in destructive criticism. In this biography, he treats Hemingway as a psychological case. Lynn's two obsessions are Hemingway's mother, Grace, and the girlish clothing Hemingway wore as an infant. Lynn sees sinister motives in all Grace's acts, though he does concede, in a moment of insight, that "she had done her best to be a good mother." Lynn minimizes the looks, strength, art, and will that Grace gave to her son; and the radical change in his attitude toward his mother after his father's suicide in 1928. At the same time, Lynn frequently censures Hemingway for disliking and avoiding his mother.

Lynn argues that Grace's decision to raise Ernest and his one-year-older sister, Marcelline, as if they were twins of the same sex and to dress him in girls' clothes until he was three years old made him anxious and insecure, gave him huge fears, led to severe confusion and to a failure of sexual identity, and "disabl[ed] his entire emotional life." This argument ignores the fact that at the turn of the century little boys were quite commonly dressed as girls (Franklin Roosevelt was kept in girlish skirts and long curls until he was nearly six), that Hemingway always wore overalls during the summers in northern Michigan, and that his male identity was constantly strengthened by his father. There is no indication that Hemingway was ever aware of wearing girls' clothes: few people remember what they wore when they were one or two years old. When Grace died in 1951, Hemingway remarked on how happy her children had been. Rather than injuring Hemingway, the female component in his character (as in the character of D. H. Lawrence) allowed him a deeper understanding of and sympathy with women.

Lynn also makes some serious errors of judgment. Sherwood Anderson did not have the greatest influence on Hemingway, and the recent editing of *The Garden of Eden* was not brilliant but unconscionable. Most surprising is Lynn's perverse defense of Hemingway's disastrous medical treatment at the Mayo Clinic.

Lynn gives a distorted and sneering account of Hemingway's politics in the Spanish Civil War. He fails to mention that virtually all artists and intellectuals in America and Europe supported the Loyalists in their fight against Fascism, and that Hemingway, as *For Whom the Bell Tolls* reveals, was more critical of the Communists than almost anyone else on the Left. Lynn tends to lose interest in Hemingway in the mid 1930s, when Lynn has exhausted the limits of his thesis about Grace and girls' clothing, and Hemingway has begun his long personal and artistic decline. The last quarter of Hemingway's life is treated in only seventy pages—one-tenth of this long book.

Despite the other recent biographies of Hemingway, Lynn's work is certainly worth reading. He is an intelligent and perceptive critic, who writes in a clear, crisp style. He is good on the social background of Hemingway's early locales, and convincing about the emotional inspiration of his fiction. Lynn shows Hemingway's greatness as a writer, responds to his admirable actions, and (unlike many obtuse critics) is honest about his egregious personal faults. □

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COSMIC TRANSPARENCIES

Michael Liccione

Sartre, by Ronald Hayman (Simon & Schuster, 572 pp., $22.95)

Simone de Beauvoir, by Claude Francis and Fernande Gontier (St. Martin's, 412 pp., $18.95)

SINCE THE late Forties, well-read cosmopolites have been expected to recognize the slogans, if not always to understand the ideas, of Jean-Paul Sartre. As Parisian fashions are wont to do, his Marxist existentialism gave way in time to other, equally absurd ideas. Even so, college students still react sharply to his writings and register no surprise when told how influential he was during the postwar years. His mistress and soulmate, Simone de Beauvoir, while not a thinker of his stature, was the author of *The Second Sex*, a feminist *apologia* that advocated the abolition of socially prescribed gender roles—the cherished aim of movement feminists today.

These two biographies do what biographies ought to do, and then some. Carefully researched, they omit nothing of obvious importance and include little of the merely trivial. The authors' experience shows. Ronald Hayman writes biographies of writers who are captivating to bohemians, philosophers, and students worried about the meaning of life: Nietzsche, Kafka, Brecht, and now Sartre. His smooth prose is laced with shrewd insights. Claude Francis and Fernande Gontier have collaborated before on French writers and know Mme. de Beauvoir's *milieu* well. In both books, one might quarrel with the emphases here and there—I, for one, would have liked more on Mme. de Beauvoir's texts, and a bit less on her lovers—but that is true of any biography. Both books are sympathetic enough to appreciate their subjects and critical enough to maintain perspective on them. No small feat—given the subjects.

Sartre, whose funeral procession in 1980 drew fifty thousand mourners, did not so much work in the marketplace of ideas as suffuse it. For overlapping periods, he was a schoolmaster, a writer of fiction, a philosopher, a journal editor, a tireless hard-Left propagandist, and a denizen of the Left Bank cafés. Moreover, his fictional works—e.g., the play *No Exit* and the novel *Nausea*—complement and popularize such texts as *The Transcendence of the Ego* and *Being and Nothingness*. This symbiosis of literature and philosophy is typical of France—which in Sartre's time also boasted Gabriel Marcel and Albert Camus—but is almost inconceivable in Great Britain or the United States. As one might imagine, all this dispersed Sartre's energies and reflected an irresolvable conflict between the artist and the fighter in him. But his actions, ideas, and personality formed a unity he would have been loath to acknowledge even as he forged it.

He was an exhibitionist who hated all limitations. Thus, he needed the admiration of others to feel real, but to retain his sense of autonomy he had to betray them. Raised by his doting mother (a cousin of Albert Schweitzer) in his short-lived father's Catholicism, he quickly became an atheist. In 1917, his mother married an engineer whom he naturally reviled, but who was to put him through the elite *Ecole Normale Supérieure*. There he met, among other future leading lights, Raymond Aron, who told him in a café a few years later that "if you're a phenomenologist, you can talk about this drink and that's philosophy." Though the two became cordial enemies in due course, that remark prompted Sartre's early philosophical program, which yielded, from a critical reading of Husserl and Heidegger, what I'll call a notion of cosmic *transparency*. Things are just as they seem to an assiduous observer unfettered by preconceptions; most important, there is no mysterious, individual "inner self" opaque to one's own or others' clear gaze; consciousness is nothing beyond consciousness *of* this and that. All very convenient for a young writer looking to simplify the task of making his mark.

In the Thirties, after a brief stint in the army, he submitted to the necessity of teaching at provincial *lycées*, and struck up his lifelong relationship with the classically pretty Simone de Beauvoir. She held the same sort of job, shared his enthusiasm for a rebellious life of the mind, and, refreshingly, was no taller than he. She was to remain his best friend and critic, never demanding what she knew he could not give. He urged "contingent" love affairs that would accrete around their "essential" one. They took that seriously and were to travel much together, sometimes with his or her contingencies in tow—except during the war, when Sartre acquitted himself moderately well as a prisoner and later as a member of the Resistance.

Sartre was perennially astonished that there is more to things than any possible description of them could encompass. Disorderly, viscous reality defies clean abstraction: the *thatness* of each thing, its brute "facticity," palpably spills over *what* it is. Existence is prior to essence: "beneath all explanation," things assert themselves beyond the sorts of things they are. "Condemned to freedom," man never even attains an essence, a *whatness*: we must strive to create ourselves *ex nihilo* in freely chosen "projects" whose defining intentions always get deflected by embodiment as action in the hurly-burly of the world. If we eschew such projects, we are in "bad faith," "bastards," "inauthentic."

Because he could abide nothing that smacked of the bourgeois and sought authentic *engagement*, Sartre was to support Communist causes in many highly publicized ways until the Seventies. But he never joined the Party and couldn't really accept materialism, dialectical or otherwise. For even when not crudely deterministic, materialism excludes freedom: it entails a closed system that leaves us without responsibility for the events, determined or random, that we may think we bring about by choice. Indeed, Sartre so hated closure that he never finished his *Age of Reason* trilogy, his *Critique of Dialectical Reason*, or his biography of Flaubert. He lost interest in projects and people when they started to crystallize. He did his level best not to crystallize, yet in the end what he had been seemed to exhaust what he had to say.

Mme. de Beauvoir, meanwhile, had long ago promised herself that "when I grew up, I would never forget that a five-year-old is already a complete individual." She never did change much: in Sartre, she found all her "burning

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aspirations raised to the pitch of incandescence." Her career developed along with his and was never just an adjunct; she produced novels and plays of uneven quality, polemical forays, and the long, fascinating essay *The Ethics of Ambiguity*, which tried to extract from Sartre's brand of existentialism a morality in which "the end *never* justifies the means." One wants to ask what end, but for France's premier glitterati couple, the ends often shifted with the winds of radical chic. Her "husband of the Mississippi," the writer Nelson Algren, and her young Marxist, Claude Lanzmann, never could threaten Sartre, who held out for Simone de Beauvoir and many others the hope that one could live well in defiance of eternal verities. □

FILM

SIMIAN STYLE

John Simon

IT IS NOT the stuff that is being attacked as garbage, glutted as our screens are with it, that is depressing these days. What truly depresses is the stuff that gets praised by critics who ought to know better. One such supposedly adult entertainment is Roger Donaldson's *No Way Out*, although some of the encomia are hedged with "as summer movies go," as if dog days were automatic justification for dogs. Compared to much of what is around, the film may indeed be better; but is it any good?

No Way Out has style, but it ought to have heeded Paul Valéry's warning: "There are nasty styles. . . . A good style presupposes a sort of *organization of singularity*, a harmony that rejects the excess of fantasy. . . . Everyone concedes that a tiger has quite a different style from a monkey: he has magnificent balances; the other is all instability, pointless capers, leaps without a goal." A triumph of the simian style, *No Way Out* is remotely based on Kenneth Fearing's novel *The Big Clock*, which, under that title, was filmed, more faithfully and better, in 1948. John Farrow's movie dealt with passion and crime in the world of publishing, which in itself gave it a certain novelty and idiosyncratic flavor —publishing, like books, being *terra incognita* to most moviemakers. Robert Garland, the screenwriter and producer of the new film (beware of producers who do their own writing!), transfers the locale to politics, Washington, and, in particular, the Pentagon. Though crime remains crime—becomes, indeed, even uglier—passion is diluted to mere carnality.

The new version concerns the Secretary of Defense, David Brice, who is keeping his mistress, Susan Atwell, a party girl, in considerable luxury, but insists that she show up, glamorous and unescorted, at the big Washington parties he attends with his wife, so he can look at her. (Improbable, yes, but wait, wait!) At an inaugural ball, a young Navy officer, Lieutenant Commander Tom Farrell, accosts Susan, and, despite an initial rebuff, the two are carrying on like bunny rabbits a few minutes later in a stretch limousine. In a civilized movie, the pair would be allowed some conversation of interest, perhaps even wit; and they might prefer some other venue to Susan's limo, with the driver smirking in the rear-view mirror until Tom remembers to have the partition rolled up.

For more serious sex, they adjourn to the apartment of Susan's friend Nina, a vendeuse in a high-fashion boutique and, for plot purposes, a South African black, though, as played by the international model Iman, closer to Givenchy than to Johannesburg. In the limo, despite frantic removal of various garments, Susan kept her camisole on; arriving at Nina's, with whom she swaps apartments for the night, she is revealed naked under her fur. Along with faulty continuity, faulty logic: what good is changing apartments if Secretary Brice calls or shows up and finds only Nina at Susan's?

Eventually, Tom has to go back on duty; one stormy night at sea, in waters infested by Russian submarines, a shipmate is about to be swept overboard. Tom performs a rescue meant to be heroic, but so hokey as to be only humorous. Quite implausibly, this rescue is written up big in the papers, complete with Tom's picture, and Brice, who met Tom briefly at said inaugural ball, decides he needs a hero as an intelligence liaison man, and commandeers the lieutenant commander from Manila to Washington, pronto. Tom calls on Susan and, again, after less than a paragraph's worth of conversation, he carries her off to bed. By now their love is in full bloom, but it still takes a while for Brice to catch on that Susan is cheating on him with an unknown man. In a jealous rage, Brice kills her.

Some sympathy must be preserved for this unsavory fellow, so the killing has to be accidental. In the sumptuous house he has bought for her, there is an open staircase with a wooden balustrade, which breaks during their fight, and the horrified Brice sees Susan hurtle to a very pretty instant death (no blood, no unphotogenically broken neck), though from this modest height crippling would be more likely. The balustrade death has become one of the worst movie clichés in recent years, but perhaps it is meant as a comment on our present sloppy workmanship in carpentry, if not in filmmaking.

Pritchard, Brice's general counsel and evil genius—he seems seldom to leave the Secretary's side—masterminds a way to get his boss off the hook. He revives the old canard of Yuri, a Russian mole in the Pentagon, and

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also manages to make it look as if this fellow had been Susan's killer. By further unlikely manipulation, Tom Farrell is handed the task of tracking down his beloved's murderer, with all signs beginning to point toward Tom himself as the culprit. This could be exciting if the Pentagon were not turned into your ordinary office building where people run around relatively unimpeded; if the two men who could identify the killer were not (instead of being stationed at the exit) led around, almost like bloodhounds on a leash, from room to room, causing chaos; and if Tom didn't hide in an air vent in his office ceiling to escape detection. Without a little credibility, there is no suspense.

There is also a totally gratuitous and improbable car chase, something that has, apparently, become a mandatory item in our movies, regardless of the subject matter. Pritchard is made into a homosexual seemingly in love with his boss, without this plot element becoming integral to the story. A bellhop who wears Colonial attire as his uniform in a Maryland country inn is brought to the Pentagon to finger our hero without being allowed to change out of his cutesy getup. Nina's passport, which Pritchard im-

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

"IF [THE U.S.] continues with the SDI program, it will pose challenges of unprecedented scope to the Soviet leadership. If the program is abandoned, the inherent opportunity to confront the Soviet leadership with difficult choices will be lost—perhaps irrevocably." This is the thesis of *The Soviet Perspective on the Strategic Defense Initiative* (Pergamon Press, Fairview Park, Elmsford, N.Y. 10523; $9.95, softcover), by Dmitry Mikheyev, who received his PhD in laser technology in 1970 from Moscow State University and shortly afterward attempted to flee the USSR. Arrested by the KGB, he was charged with treason against the Soviet state, for which he served six years in a hard-labor camp before being expelled from the Soviet Union in 1979. He ended up in the United States, of which he became a citizen in 1985.

"U.S. policymakers and observers," Mikheyev argues,

> are not given to seeing such broad significance in the SDI effort. Instead, SDI is evaluated in accordance with criteria related to deterrence and defense. These include, for example, the cost-effectiveness ratio between offensive and defensive systems . . . To consider SDI only in such a narrow military context neglects a far more important series of potential ramifications.

In short: "The Strategic Defensive Initiative . . . holds the potential of initiating a process which, if carried to its logical conclusion, could lead to fundamental economic and political change within the Soviet Union." The strongly negative—in fact almost hysterical—reaction to SDI on the part of the Soviet leaders shows that they perceive SDI "not as just another defense program, but an initiative that will influence fundamental political, economic, ideological, and military calculations of the Kremlin."

Mikheyev's reasoning is straightforward. The United States' sustained commitment to SDI would impel the USSR toward a matching commitment of technological and economic development, which its grossly inefficient economy is simply in no fit condition to maintain. In order to remain technologically, economically, and even politically competitive, the Soviet Union would have to provide incentives to efficiency that would require the introduction of market mechanisms the effect of which would be to undermine the idea of the superiority of the socialist system. "SDI," Mikheyev believes, "places before Moscow the following problem: to survive, it must compete; to compete, it must reform; yet to reform is to admit the bankruptcy of the Communist regime, and to make clear the unwisdom of totalitarian control."

In Mikheyev's view, the Soviets' extreme trepidation at the thought of SDI arises from political, rather than military, considerations. The Kremlin understands perfectly well that the United States would not launch a nuclear attack save in the most dire circumstances, and that, in fact, the likelihood of nuclear weapons' ever being used militarily to any significant degree is very small. Instead, what chiefly concerns the Kremlin are the political ramifications of the technological gap between the USSR and the U.S.A., especially "the consequences of SDI for Moscow's ability to project power throughout the world; and ultimately, SDI's effect on the struggle between the two superpowers for world domination." It is in this context, Mikheyev argues, that the importance of technological superiority ought to be viewed.

For these reasons, the USSR is likely to adopt, over the next few years, both covert and overt means for scaring or enticing the West away from SDI. For these reasons, therefore, it is necessary for the West to persevere. A commitment to SDI would not only shift the American global strategy from one of "mutual assured destruction" to one in which defense is as important as offense, but would also diminish the Soviets' capacity for imperialistic adventurism around the world, as well as for the brutal domination of their European satellites. Lastly, Mikheyev urges that the United States deploy its developed technology at the earliest possible moment, as the USSR is even now doing:

> The deployment of even a 10 per cent effective BMD [ballistic-missile-defense] system would be advisable for several reasons. First, it would endlessly complicate Soviet military plans and greatly reduce both the probability of a Soviet first nuclear strike and their ability to exploit politically the threat of such a strike. Second, it would demonstrate the seriousness of the U.S. intention to do away with the nuclear threat. It would . . . make possible a gradual reduction of offensive weapons in the not so remote future, thus bringing about a reduction in costs. Third, the gradual improvement of the system by the introduction of new layers of defense would be the least damaging politically. This would give SDI a life of its own. . . . Finally, early deployment of BMD by the United States would compel the Soviet . . . leadership to take immediate and strategically important decisions concerning the development of certain sectors of their economy, military technology, and science—thus giving new momentum to advocates of market reform in the Soviet leadership. □

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plausibly threatens to revoke when he breaks in on her, is lying in full view for him to grab. But preposterousness goes far beyond anything I can list here; yet, as the film's undeserved luck would have it, the Iran-Contra hearings seem to lend credence to everything the script has dreamt up.

Two scenes, however, strike me as the last straws—if there can be two of those. (In this film, easily.) One is a reception at the New Zealand embassy, where the guests are entertained by native dancers of ferocious aspect bounding menacingly and doing obscene things with their tongues. Roger Donaldson, the director, is from New Zealand, and may have some old score to settle, even though this goes too far. But what grudge could he have against minimal believability? For there is a trick ending that lacks a shred of sense and vitiates whatever credibility and sympathy may have been elicited before. That audiences are willing to sit through this ending without demanding their money back is perhaps even more astounding than a sudden discussion of Russian literature in an otherwise totally anti-intellectual context.

Donaldson has directed one rather fine, touching movie, *Smash Palace*, in New Zealand. His two subsequent American films failed both with critics and with audiences. Here the direction is workmanlike, but the script holds no water. Kevin Costner, the new superstar in the making, struck me as all right as the wild kid brother in the dreadful *Silverado*, and stiff and dullish as Eliot Ness in De Palma's unspeakable *Untouchables*. As Tom Farrell, he leaves me cold again: I don't trust a face with twice as much jaw to it as forehead, and though a gravelly voice can be interesting, a sandy one merely grates. Costner manages somehow to be both loutish and drab—but that may well be what this age craves in its heroes.

As Susan, the hotly acclaimed Sean Young is rangily attractive and can muster a quizzical smile; what she cannot do is act. She has a tendency to blither, and her movements have a way of shattering into dithers—all, I presume, to mask an emotive blank. Gene Hackman is unmemorable as Brice; as Pritchard, the able stage actor Will Patton, a John Dean lookalike, is oily or gloweringly vicious, with little in between. In the uneven supporting cast, George Dzundza is best; he plays a computer expert in a motorized wheelchair, which isn't mobilized, however, to any dramatic use.

The cinematography, less distinctive than we have come to expect from him, is the last work of John Alcott (*Barry Lyndon* and *Greystoke*, among many others), who died in an accident shortly after shooting this film. Maurice Jarre's score begins with a promisingly throbbing beat, but soon peters out. As for the vaunted humor that others have found in Garland's script, I recall only the way Tom and Susan introduce themselves *after* consummating their backseat affair. Forty years after seeing *The Big Clock*, I still recall enjoying Ray Milland's and Charles Laughton's performances, and the discreet menace that oozed from the black-and-white *mise en scène*. James Agee called it a "slickly amusing melodrama, with many good bits of comic directing by John Farrow"; David Thomson noted its "serious interest in evil." That's more than can be said for *No Way Out*. □

SOUND ON DISC

JAZZ: FROM LP TO CD

Ralph de Toledano

JAZZ GREW UP with the phonograph. And though much that was recorded died a quick death, the best of it lived on—in the collections of the aficionados, and in the reissues that were fitfully offered. With the advent of the long-playing record, much of what had been available disappeared from music-shop shelves. Meanwhile, even those who held on to their shellac 78s found themselves locked out as new equipment omitted the faster spin.

Now there will be another bill of divorcement as the CD replaces the LP—and what survives the transfer will not always be the best. Certainly much of Duke Ellington will come to us on CD—and so will the bands of the Swing Era and their modern successors. The Louis Armstrong of the Hot Five and Hot Seven period will also be preserved, both for his musical greatness and for his historic importance. But will there be a record company ready to gamble on the response to the Jelly Roll Morton of Red Hot Peppers issue? It took long enough to get the Sidney Bechet sides on LP; how much longer will it take before they go CD? And will the Smithsonian Institution, which has done such wonderful work in restoring the old jazz to our turntables, move into the new medium?

What we do get, however, will be treasure trove. The process has already begun, and I am glad to report that DRG Records Inc. (157 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019) has reissued on CD two of its fine collections—*Ridin' in Rhythm* and *Jazz in the Thirties*. The latter is particularly welcome, serving up a potpourri of the top-drawer jazz of that period.

Here is the Joe Sullivan piano with its powerful walking bass, and Jess

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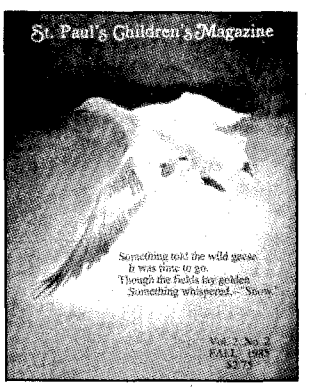

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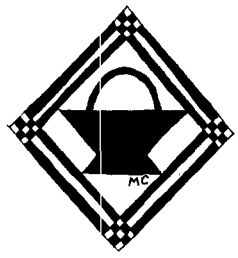
Stacy's subtle evocations of Bix Beiderbecke's piano compositions to a solid barrelhouse. Perhaps the best recordings of Bunny Berrigan, whose moving trumpet solos drowned at the bottom of a whisky bottle, can be found in this collection—from the Bixian "I'm Coming, Virginia" to the jumping "You Took Advantage of Me" and a gutty "Blues." Benny Goodman had less polish and more drive in the four sides he cut with Jack Teagarden and other important sidemen—the most notable being the plaintive "I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues" and one of the earliest versions of Big T's "mamo, mamo, mamo, where did you hide my tea?"—the then word for pot—in "Texas Tea Party."

Ridin' in Rhythm is over on the big-band side. There is the Ellington and Fletcher Henderson of the pre-Swing Era days, complete with a band leader of great talent who never quite made it—Benny Carter. And there is much of Coleman Hawkins, who for years dominated as the star tenor sax—his big tone and breathy, boozy intonation telling us what Harlem jazz was before us honkies moved it downtown. Somehow the likes of Meade "Lux" Lewis, who brought boogie-woogie piano style out of the whorehouses, finds his way into this album of the good, the true, and the historic.



But LP jazz is still with us, as witness a two-record album issued by the Smithsonian Institution, *Dizzy Gillespie: The Development of an American Artist.* Gillespie was a talented and innovative trumpet player who led jazz down the byway of be-bop. Like many of his contemporaries, he felt mainstream jazz had played out its string and was merely imitating itself. He began to find his new direction at Milt Gabler's Commodore Music Shop on 52nd Street, then a jazzmen's hangout, where he collided with Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, and thrust his head out of the booth and shouted to his friends, "Hey, dig that cat!"

The Smithsonian album takes Dizzy Gillespie from the days when he was a sideman with the Cab Calloway and Teddy Hill bands to the time when he began developing the new style that helped shape bop. It is an excellent study of both musical development and musical transmogrification—and it must be said that however far he journeyed into a medium that I find *antipático*, he never fully surrendered the traditions of jazz.

At the other end of the spectrum are two LPs issued by Stomp Off Records (549 Fairview Terrace, York, Pa. 17503), a company that specializes in current performances of New Orleans and Dixieland jazz. *Hot & Sweet* is the product of the Louisiana Repertory Jazz Ensemble of New Orleans—professional musicians "dedicated to creating uncompromisingly authentic performances of classic New Orleans jazz of the decades before 1930." The LRJE's international reputation is based on its recordings of the New Orleans repertory, closely patterned on the old records and played on turn-of-the-century instruments. What you hear, then, is almost identical in rhythm, phrasing, and attack to what was heard back in the days when King Oliver was playing the riverboats. It is the jazz that existed before Jelly Roll Morton, Sidney Bechet, and Louis Armstrong tightened the beat, liberated the melodic line, and widened the harmonic scope.

The other Stomp Off record is by Terry Waldo and The Gotham City Band. It carries us into the 1920s and very early 1930s, with arrangements evoking the work of Bix, the post-ragtime Fats Waller, Eubie Blake, and the Wolverines—but also uses more recent material such as two tunes from the first hit movie musical, *Forty-Second Street.* To those of my generation, it is nostalgia-laden music and performance, though to the young people now discovering classical jazz it may sound somewhat stilted.

Stomp Off's *Super Satch*, by the Jim Cullum Jazz Band, is another voyage into the past. Imitating Louis Armstrong is a tough assignment, and cornetist Jim Cullen gives it the old college try—backed up by arrangements drawn from the Hot Five and Hot Seven issues. Where this recording falls down on the letter, it adheres to the spirit of the old Armstrongs.

FOR THOSE standing on line to get tickets to the musical version of that old warhorse, *The Phantom of the Opera*, I recommend the handsomely produced recordings, with original cast, issued by Polygram Records. Minor cuts have been made to fit the two-LP format, but the full libretto is included in the album. If your record dealer has not yet stocked *Phantom*, Polygram's address is 810 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Iron & Silk, by Mark Salzman (Random House, 211 pp., $10.95)

IN AUGUST OF 1982, just a few months after he graduated from Yale, Mark Salzman went to live in China. He had majored in Chinese language and literature at Yale and went to China under the auspices of the Yale/China Association to teach English at Hunan Medical College. He wound up staying almost two years in Changsha, the capital of Hunan province. *Iron & Silk* is a beautifully written book of anecdotes loosely tracing his two-year sojourn. Salzman has drawn a delicate portrait of the China he found in Changsha, leaving history with its generalizations and overviews to others, and concentrating instead on the humor and poignancy in the details of daily life. Politics in this highly politicized country intrude on the book only as they pop up among the activities of the day. It's through the back door, anecdotally, that we learn that the middle-aged English teachers who make up one of Salzman's classes were once Russian teachers; or that Little Mi, a relative of one of Salzman's students, nearly starved in the countryside during the Cultural Revolution. Salzman is not closing his eyes to the terribleness of twentieth-century China, but he is more interested in the men and women he met: Little Mi, Pan, Old Ding, Old Sheep, Teacher Zhu. In a few places Salzman does lapse into over-dramatization. But for the most part he allows to emerge, through his recreations of particular days, a portrait of a country where chicken is a luxury; where there can be an art, a "best way" of looking at a landscape; where Old Ding the fisherman can think the Atlantic must be yellow; and where even death is a political act, so that a suicide can be interpreted as a crime against socialism, and the grieving family punished.

KATHERINE DALTON

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16

Keynote Address:

Professor Richard Epstein
University of Chicago
Law School

Panel I: **Interpreting the Economic Rights Provisions of the Constitution**

Mr. Roger Pilon
Department of Justice

Dean Henry Manne
GMU School of Law

Mr. Gary Lawson
Yale Law School

Professor Mario Rizzo
New York University

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17

Panel II: **The Takings Clause, the Contracts Clause, and Other Economic Rights Provisions of the Constitution**

Honorable Frank Easterbrook, U.S. Court of Appeals
Professor Julian Eule, UCLA Law School
Ms. Gale Norton, formerly Dept. of the Interior
Professor Akhil Amar, Yale Law School
Professor Charles McCurdy, University of Virginia

Panel III: **First Amendment Protections and Economic Liberty**

Honorable Kenneth Starr, U.S. Court of Appeals
Mr. Nat Hentoff, *The Village Voice*
Professor Chris Stone, USC Law School
Mr. Manuel Klausner, Kindel & Anderson
Dean Robert Pitofsky, Georgetown Univ. Law Center

Panel IV: **Federal Spending and the Deficit: Is a Constitutional Remedy Necessary?**

Honorable Stephen Breyer, U.S. Court of Appeals
Professor Martin Anderson, Hoover Institution
Professor Wm. Craig Stubblebine, Claremont McKenna College
Mr. Mark Green, Democracy Project

Panel V: **The Public and Private Realms: The Privatization Movement and Other Developments**

Nobel Laureate James Buchanan, George Mason University
Professor George Priest, Yale Law School
Professor Leonard Liggio, Institute for Humane Studies
Professor Robert Ellickson, Stanford Law School

A banquet will be held Saturday evening. The cost is $25 per person. Advance registration is required.

Admission is free, but advance registration is required by Oct. 2. Please send name, affiliation, address, and phone number to: Constitutional Symposium, George Mason Univ. School of Law, 3401 N. Fairfax Dr., Arlington, VA 22201-4498 Phone: (703) 841-7171.

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TOP SECRET

NEW YORK, AUG. 19

MEMO TO: The President
FROM: Y'r Obd't Sv't, TRB

YOU ASKED for my thoughts on the Persian Gulf business—well, here they are.

The Iraqi counter-thrust against Iran is probably going to run out of steam any day now, our people tell me. That's the moment when the Iranians are likely to resume a major offensive, and they're going to give it everything they've got.

On top of everything else, the Ayatollah now sees himself as fighting a Holy War to avenge the killing of his boys at Mecca. You remember that Khomeini blamed the Americans (and the Israelis, of course) for plotting to disrupt the holy pilgrims' proceedings. The Iranian media kept up the anti-American theme, but pretty soon they combined it with the anti-Sunni theme, so now they've got themselves a proper jihad (why don't they just say "holy war"? And by the way, if you decide to go ahead and do a teevee appearance on this, don't forget that Shiite has two syllables. Might do to practice. If you slip, just think of Sam Donaldson). The DOD thinks the likelihood is high that the kamikaze types will come in on the next round. And it admits that the chances are that one of those mad, bad Shiites is going to succeed in sinking a tanker and not inconceivably a U.S. warship.

Now I know how you feel about the War Powers Act—I think it's unconstitutional too. But I've put together some data I got from the Justice people, and here's a way you can share your problems with Congress, which you told me you'd like to do, without compromising your position on the War Powers Act.

In 1984, Congress provided for the expansion of the federal judiciary, but specified that not more than one-half of the new vacancies could be filled before the end of 1984. Motives? Obvious. You objected to the provision as unconstitutional—but went ahead and nominated the first half of the judges.

That's the general direction you should head on the War Powers Act.

It specifies, as was pointed out at the NSC meeting a week ago, that you must inform Congress when dispatching U.S. military forces to an area where it is reasonable to suppose that hostilities are imminent. Well, God knows hostilities are imminent in the Persian Gulf. They're not only imminent, they're history. And then —the Act says—after sixty days, either you keep the military engaged where you sent them, or you bring them back, depending on whether Congress ratifies or disputes your deployment of the military, and their mandate.

Now what you can do is proceed to advise Congress—as specified by the War Powers Act. You can ask Congress to deliberate what you have done, and to debate it, and to arrive at a conclusion as to whether you have acted in the best interests of the United States (and of Israel, don't forget; maybe we should give the West Bank to the Sandinistas, and pick up that vote while we're at it?). Now: You can, in your letter of transmittal, advise Congress that in your opinion the War Powers Act is not constitutional and that in advising Congress of the possibility of hostile action you are not acquiescing in the hysterical anti-militarism of the post-Vietnam period (don't put it that way: Tony will give you some nice, elegant language). Then at the end of the sixty-day period, if Congress confirms you in your action, fine—there is no constitutional crisis. If Congress does not confirm you, you just tell the military to continue to do what they're doing, and we wait and see what happens . . .

What could happen? Well, though it sounds cuckoo to talk about Congress asking the courts for an injunction against you, that's exactly what happened in 1952 when President Truman took over the steel industry. Yup, they actually got out an injunction against him. Truman said he was acting in consequence of the powers inherent in a Commander-in-Chief (we were fighting like hell in South Korea). It went up to the Supreme Court, as you will remember, and the Court ruled that he had acted unconstitutionally.

I know it's none of my business to stray any further at this point, but it would be interesting, wouldn't it, if the Court of Appeals ruled in favor of you—i.e., ruled that the Act was unconstitutional; and then the Supreme Court came in 4-4, letting stand the Court of Appeals ruling? Meanwhile, Robert Bork is answering dumb questions before the Biden Committee. Nice paradox here, because Bork would probably approve of the War Powers Act. So you could publicly thank Senator Biden, and continue to exercise the prerogatives of the Commander-in-Chief. How're we doing, boss? □

THE POPE'S LETTER

NEW YORK, AUG. 24

THE POPE has addressed the president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, citing the Holocaust as the grimmest recent experience of national Godlessness. He has done so in a letter of striking impact, marred only by the timing.

When the Pope consented to an interview with Kurt Waldheim a few weeks ago, his doing so was offensive not only to Jews but to others who have developed a contempt for Waldheim based in part on his having concealed what he did during the war years, and in part on what it is alleged he actually did during the war years. What then happened was that King Democracy spoke in Austria and elected him its president. Although the nations of the world had been pretty competent in boycotting Austria's president, inevitably he would show up in some of the corridors of ceremonial power. That the Pope's should be one, distressed the many.

But what actually then happened was especially distressing. The Pope recounted in the ritual hyperbole that accompanies toasts to chiefs of state the glorious achievements of Kurt Waldheim as Secretary General of the United Nations. Now this might itself have brought blushes to the cheeks of practiced men of affairs.

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Waldheim was happy in the company of men and women who participate in the activity of the most concentrated center of hypocrisy ever convened for a protracted period in the history of mankind. The only institution one can think of offhand that would sit by idly and perhaps even applaud another Holocaust is the United Nations. There has been genocide during the life of the United Nations, notably in Cambodia, where a heavier percentage of the population was extinguished than of the Jewish population during the Holocaust, without protests from the United Nations. Indeed the UN is the Willow Run of anti-Semitism, as anyone will note who spends a little time there (I spent three months, as a U.S. delegate in 1973. It was like viewing the Protocols of Zion as a daily serial).

Still, all chiefs of state and all traveling Popes are expected to come to the UN every now and then and treat it as though it were a convention of Eagle Scouts bent on bringing peace and plenty to the world. Kurt Waldheim had no problem in heading an institution that steadfastly refuses to act against such sentiments as created the Holocaust, which sentiments are protected among other things by a nuclear umbrella. There are no words any chief of state could use in greeting Andropov or Chernenko or Gorbachev that would offend any active American lobby.

WHAT MARS the Pope's letter reminding the conscience of the world of the Nazi horrors is its appearance at this particular moment. It is everywhere understood as propitiation for his meeting with Waldheim. The lead sentence in the *New York Times* declared it to be "a conciliatory gesture toward Jews angered by his audience with" Waldheim. What irritates is any suggestion that it required such a letter to convince the moralists of this world that the Pope's attitude toward the Holocaust was other than what everyone who has studied Pope John Paul knows it to be. The Pope's sincerity in deploring brutality can never be convincingly questioned, and we are left with the impression that it was required of him that he speak now, lest when he arrives in Florida in a couple of weeks, he be boycotted on the grounds that his attitude toward the Holocaust is suspect. There are Christians and probably a good many Jews who feel that whatever the arguments for or against meeting President Waldheim and garlanding his record as Secretary General of the United Nations, the Pope's propitiation suggests that his conscience deserved to be troubled. The word that comes to mind is that he has been manipulated, and there are those who don't much like it when the Pope is manipulated.

All of which will come and go. One hopes that the sentiments he expressed will burn in the mind. "In this spirit of peace and universal fraternal solidarity I am preparing to renew to you," he wrote to the American bishops, "and to the beloved Jewish community in the United States the joyful proclamation of peace, the Shalom announced by the prophets and awaited by the whole world. I express the hope that this peace will well up like a stream of living water from the bosom of Jerusalem and that there may be accomplished that which was foretold by Zechariah: 'The Lord shall become King over the whole earth; on that day the Lord shall be the only one, and His name the only one.'" □

EXCAVATING THE TITANIC

NEW YORK, AUG. 21

SENATOR Lowell Weicker, I kid you not, has gulled the Senate of the United States into passing a bill the relevant section of which reads, "Notwithstanding any other provision of law, no object from the *RMS Titanic* may be imported into the customs territory of the United States for the purpose of commercial gain after the date of enactment of this act."

The day's news tells us that the French expedition that has been exploring the *Titanic* for several weeks has fingered the ship's strongbox, which it is proceeding to remove. The French 54-day, $2.5-million expedition is underwritten by something called the Ocean Research Organization, a British corporation. There is also backing from an American television company. There is a lot of talk circulating, some of it to the effect that artifacts taken from the *Titanic* are going into a French museum. There is, one gathers, the possibility of a televised opening of the strongbox, much as was done when the safe of the *Andrea Doria* was opened under spectacular auspices, giving the worldwide audience an intimate view of soggy thirty-year-old low-denomination currency.

Now one of Senator Weicker's points is that U.S. technology discovered the location of the *Titanic*, and that Dr. Robert Ballard, the scientist who led the expedition that discovered the *Titanic* in 1985, recommended that the ship should be left undisturbed.

But why?

Eva Hart, an 82-year-old survivor of the *Titanic* disaster, is quoted: "The grave should be left alone. They're simply going to do it as fortune hunters, vultures, pirates." Doing "it" means, we are to suppose, taking from the *Titanic* such oddments as plates, wine bottles, jewelry, strongboxes that would otherwise remain within the vessel's creaky carapace.

One doesn't quite know what to make of it, and it doesn't help at all to read the remarks of Senator Weicker when he introduced his bill. Sometimes, on reading Weicker and trying to understand him, one wishes one had been assigned to decipher the Rosetta Stone. He told the Senate that "it is only a matter of time before the world is going to have to turn to these oceans for food and fuel." So? So, "When the Earth does turn to the oceans for its food and its fuel, do not forget it has to be a resource that lasts millions of years rather than just a decade or two to satisfy our immediate desires." Well, if we promise not to forget, then what? I mean, what does that have to do with the case for leaving the *Titanic* intact? Senator Weicker assured his colleagues that he spoke with special qualifications—"As a proud lay member of that community, one who himself has spent days on the bottom of the ocean" and perhaps forgot sufficiently to decompress on the way up.

Here is what troubles—

1. Who told Congress it has any right to tell an American who wants a plate from the dining room of the *Titanic*, which an independent salvage operation pulls out and is willing to sell, that he can't have it? The plate contains no communicable germs. It is not a lethal instrument. It is not a threat to the separation of church and state. So who is Lowell Weicker to tell the American collector that he can't be the willing buyer in dealing with a willing seller?

2. I have several times sailed over the mortal remains of the *Andrea Doria*, and I record that there is no difference at all in the quality of the sensation sailing over it with its safe still in place, or not in place. The *Titanic* is two and one-half miles below the surface of the ocean, and any yachtsman passing over it will be aware that he is doing so only by taking micro-measurements on his Geographical Positioning System. It is impossible to understand exactly why he is supposed to feel different about the experience if the *Titanic* is missing its full inventory of kitchen equipment, which reposes now in the living rooms of collectors.

3. If the Weicker Vow were to be universalized, would we need to return to the Pyramids everything that has been taken from them? Some of the treasures from the Pyramids reside in museums, some are privately owned. Many that are now in museums were once in private hands.

I for one admire the enterprise of the consortium that is spending much of the summer retrieving from utter uselessness artifacts that, for some people, exercise an alluring historical appeal. Wouldn't want one myself, but then I don't collect stamps, and my collection of fatuities by Lowell Weicker is so huge that I've run out of room. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

W. DALE NELSON:

A Tough Act

As President Reagan approaches his final year and a half in office, his friends and his foes say he has already put his stamp on the country in ways that will be hard for his successor, Democrat or Republican, to undo.

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Capital of North Rhine-Westphalia — 105 137 125 98 29 44 80 10 66 141

B. Noted Greek mathematician — 32 103 113 59 145 2 75 45 89 132

C. Election-day device—with great leverage! (2 words) — 27 102 54 18 153 82 111 68 42 144 / 160

D. One-36th of a yard snake? — 167 23 143 63 101 172 108 123

E. Hardship — 78 99 140 17 155 6 115 129 36 124

F. This world-famous tourist stop is an "eyeful" (2 words) — 147 22 166 71 117 11 87 152 106 159 / 48

G. Certain books speak these — 146 134 128 43 91 64 9

H. City in northeastern Kentucky — 150 16 74 104 161 61 38

I. Certain bed clothes — 100 5 88 130 170 19 51 148 85 77

J. Haberdashery item for a scarecrow (2 words) — 86 126 171 95 41 119 60 30

K. One kind of jury — 174 149 94 13 55

L. Return to office — 122 53 109 33 154 73 83 21 3

M. Late senator from North Carolina — 70 121 35 157

N. Colorado tourist site (2 words) — 136 79 97 49 116 151 14 1 34

O. Reverent homage — 39 163 173 57 7 138 84 26 96

P. Most GIs hate to "C" these — 76 131 58 110 37 162 25

Q. Much-sought-after street — 139 72 175 40

R. A team constantly in disagreement — 12 112 52 92 135 65 156 24

S. Like a certain Marine colonel? — 133 165 90 118 20 56 69 8

T. What a comedian might do with a motion? — 120 93 62 142 4 31 114 127 50

U. Wooden — 164 168 28 67 46

V. African wasteland — 169 47 158 107 15 81

1 N	2 B	3 L	4 T	5 I	6 E	7 O	8 S		9 G	10 A	11 F	12 R	13 K	14 N	15 V	16 H		17 E	18 C	19 I
20 S	21 L	22 F	23 D	24 R		25 P	26 O	27 C	28 U	29 A	30 J		31 T	32 B	33 L	34 N	35 M		36 E	37 P
38 H	39 O	40 Q		41 J	42 C	43 G	44 A	45 B		46 U	47 V	48 F	49 N		50 T	51 I		52 R	53 L	54 C
55 K	56 S	57 O		58 P	59 B	60 J	61 H		62 T	63 D	64 G	65 R	66 A		67 U	68 C	69 S	70 M	71 F	72 Q
73 L	74 H	75 B	76 P	77 I		78 E	79 N	80 A		81 V	82 C	83 L	84 O	85 I	86 J	87 F		88 I	89 B	90 S
91 G	92 R	93 T		94 K	95 J	96 O	97 N	98 A		99 E	100I		101D	102C	103B	104H	105A		106F	107V
108D		109L	110P		111C	112R	113B	114T	115E	116N	117F		118S	119J	120T		121M	122L	123D	124E
	125A	126J	127T	128G	129E		130I	131P	132B		133S	134G	135R		136N	137A	138O		139Q	140E
141A	142T	143D	144C	145B	146G	147F		148I	149K	150H	151N	152F	153C	154L		155E	156R		157M	158V
159F		160C	161H	162P	163O	164U		165S	166F		167D	168U	169V		170I	171J	172D	173O	174K	175Q

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 66 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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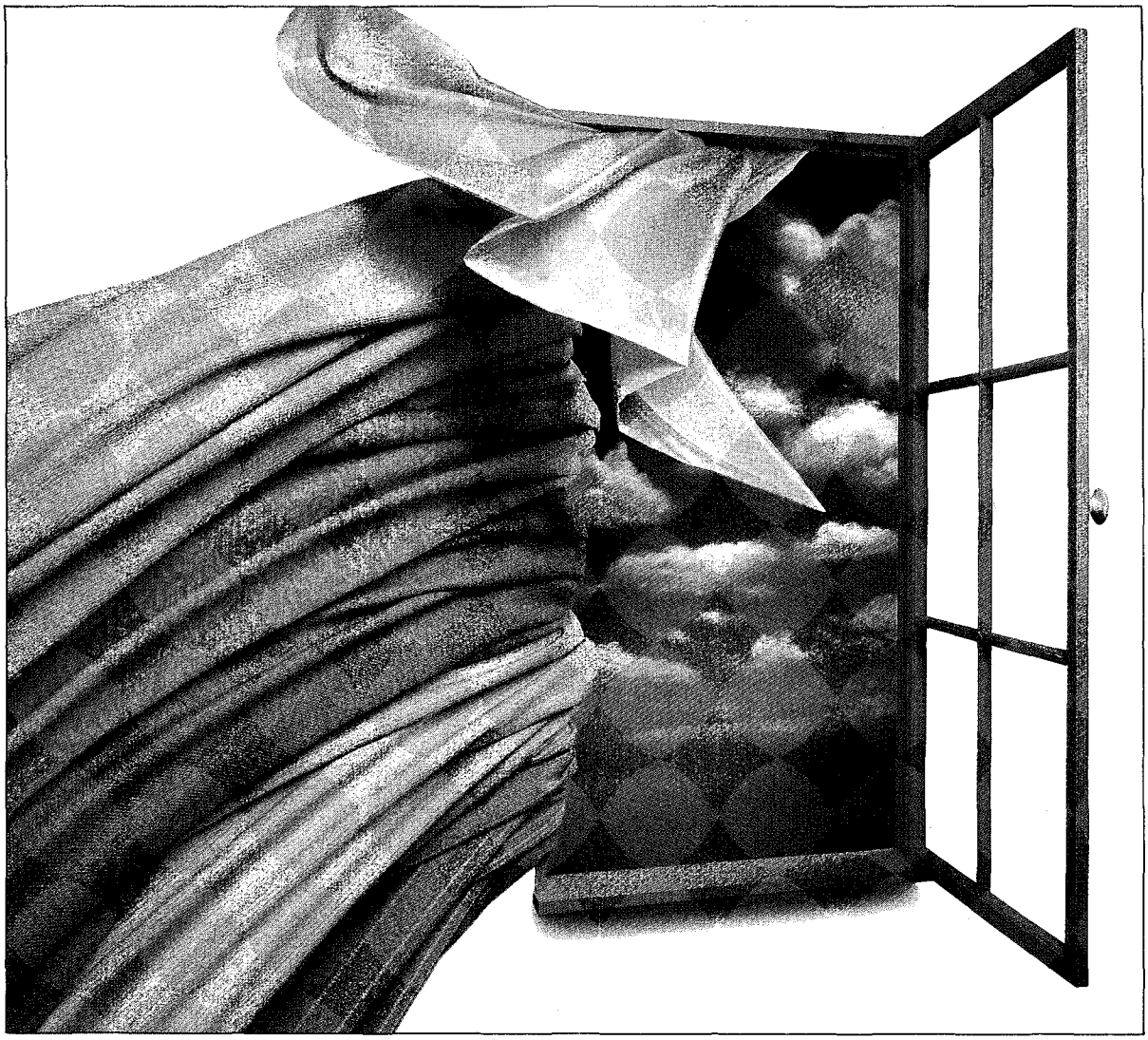

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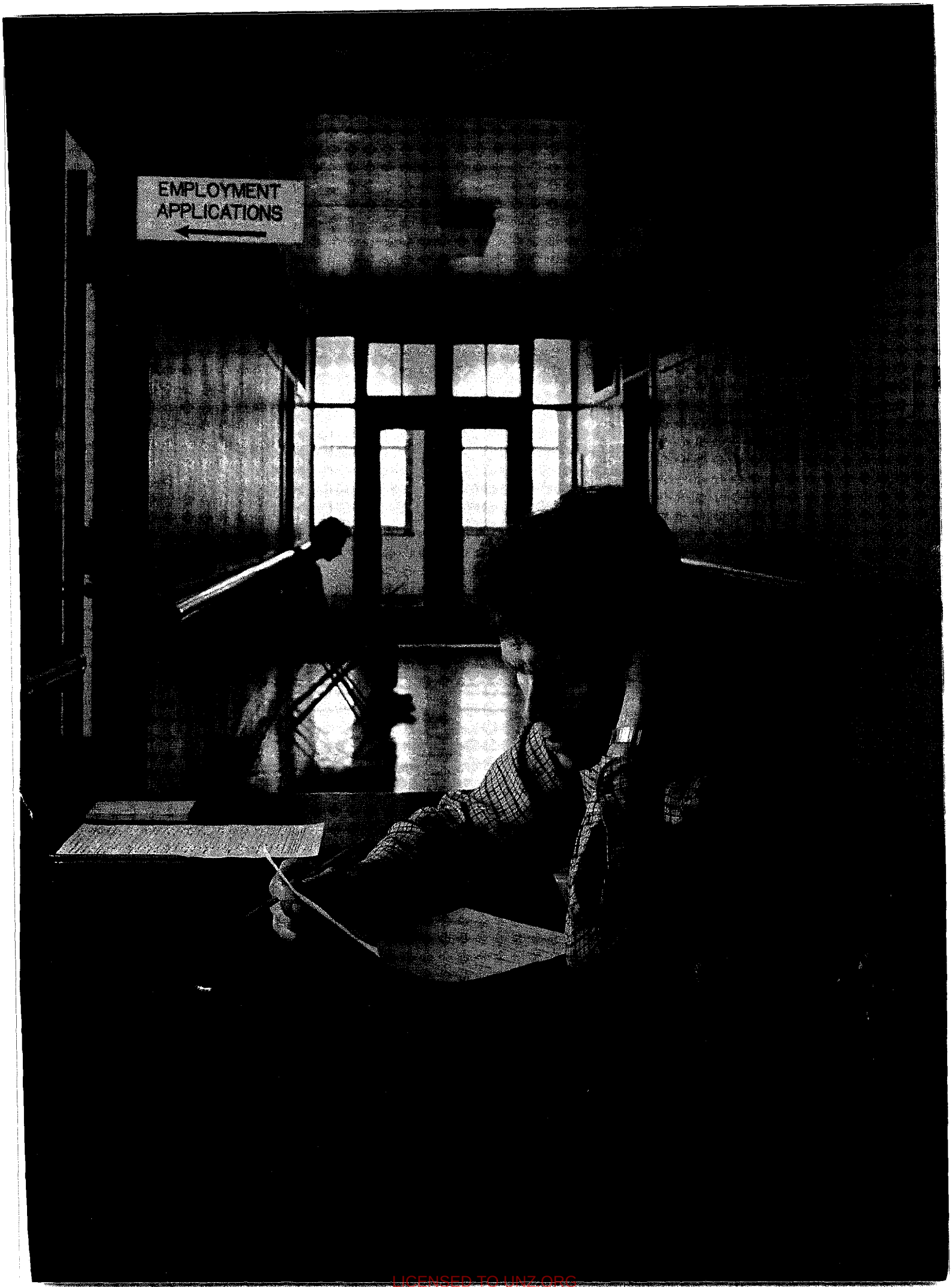

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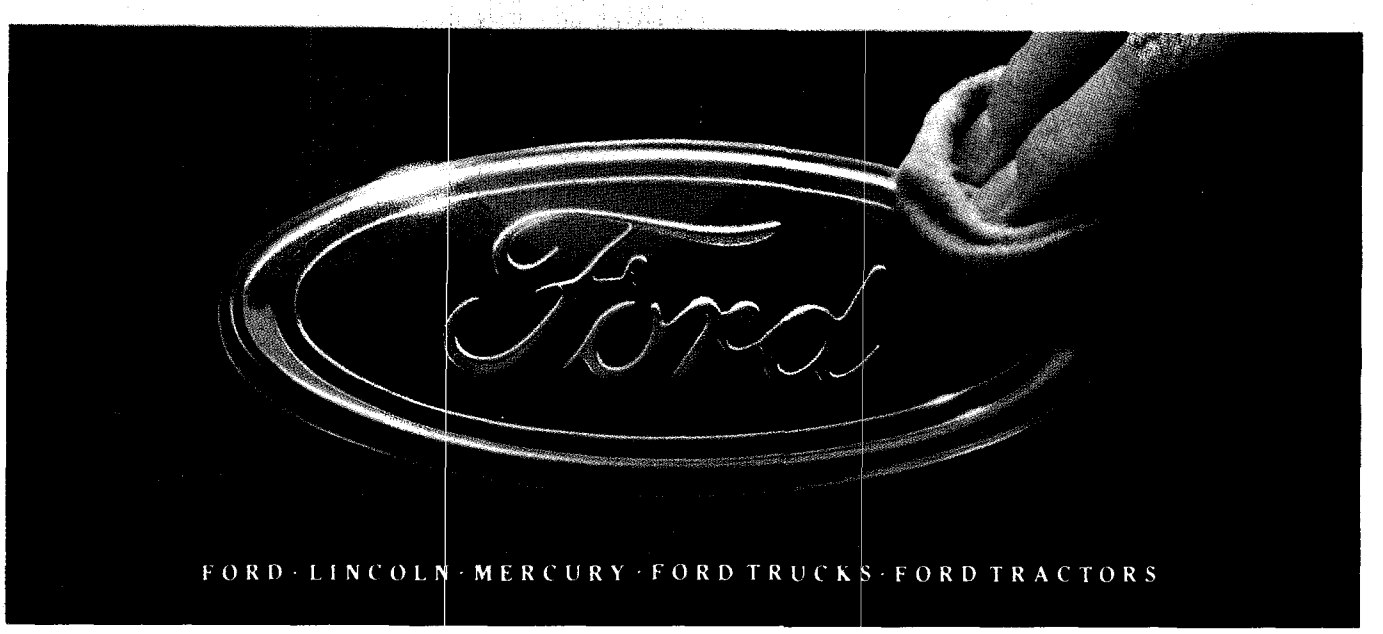

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